

The Baldwin Library

RmB of Florida



Oh, Mammy Dear, see here, see here, For we have found our mittens.

# Palmer Cox Funny Animals



CHICAGO

M. A. DONOHUE & COMPANY

PRINTED AND BOUND
BY

M: A. DONOHUE & CO.

CHICAGO

### A TALE OF THE TIMES.



NE day the Wolf, the Fox and Bear

Set out to find some clothes to wear;

For autumn winds were growing keen.

And ice upon the pond was seen.

The Wolf was first to reach a store,

And such a fit as out he wore!

The coat was short, the trousers wide,

And in the wrinkles rats could hide



jockey cap, from visor free,

His cotton shade would shelter three;

His shoes were made in different states,

They were not style, nor even mates;

Thus, duped and sold at every point,

The Wolf seemed badly out of joint

Poor Bruin, further down the street,

Was taken in, from head to leet,

With shining Pinchbeck Watch and all,

He seemed ashamed to make a ca



Old friends went by the other side,

And all acquaintanceship denied;

He wished himself in darkest den,

Away from sound and sight of men.

And called on Mister So-and-so,

And in the street or social hall.

Was much admired by one and all



Along the avenue with pride;
His eye-glass, collar, cane and tile,
Proclaiming well the dudeish

#### THE MICE AND THE EGG.

Three hungry mice set out one night
To see what they could find;
Because they didn't have a bite
At home of any kind.



Their whole supply
had given out:
Hard times were
at their door;
They finished all their
bread and cheese
At tea,
the night before.

So left and right,
with sharpened sight,
They rummaged
all around;

'To their surprise

and great delight

At last,

an egg they found.

Said Number One,

"We've found a prize;

But, though we

stand in need,

We cannot eat it where it lies—

Now how

shall we proceed?"



•We dare not roll it o'er the floor,"
Said thoughtful Number Two,

Because the noise would wake the cat,
And that would never do."

"I have a plan," cried Number Three;

"I'll lie with feet in air;



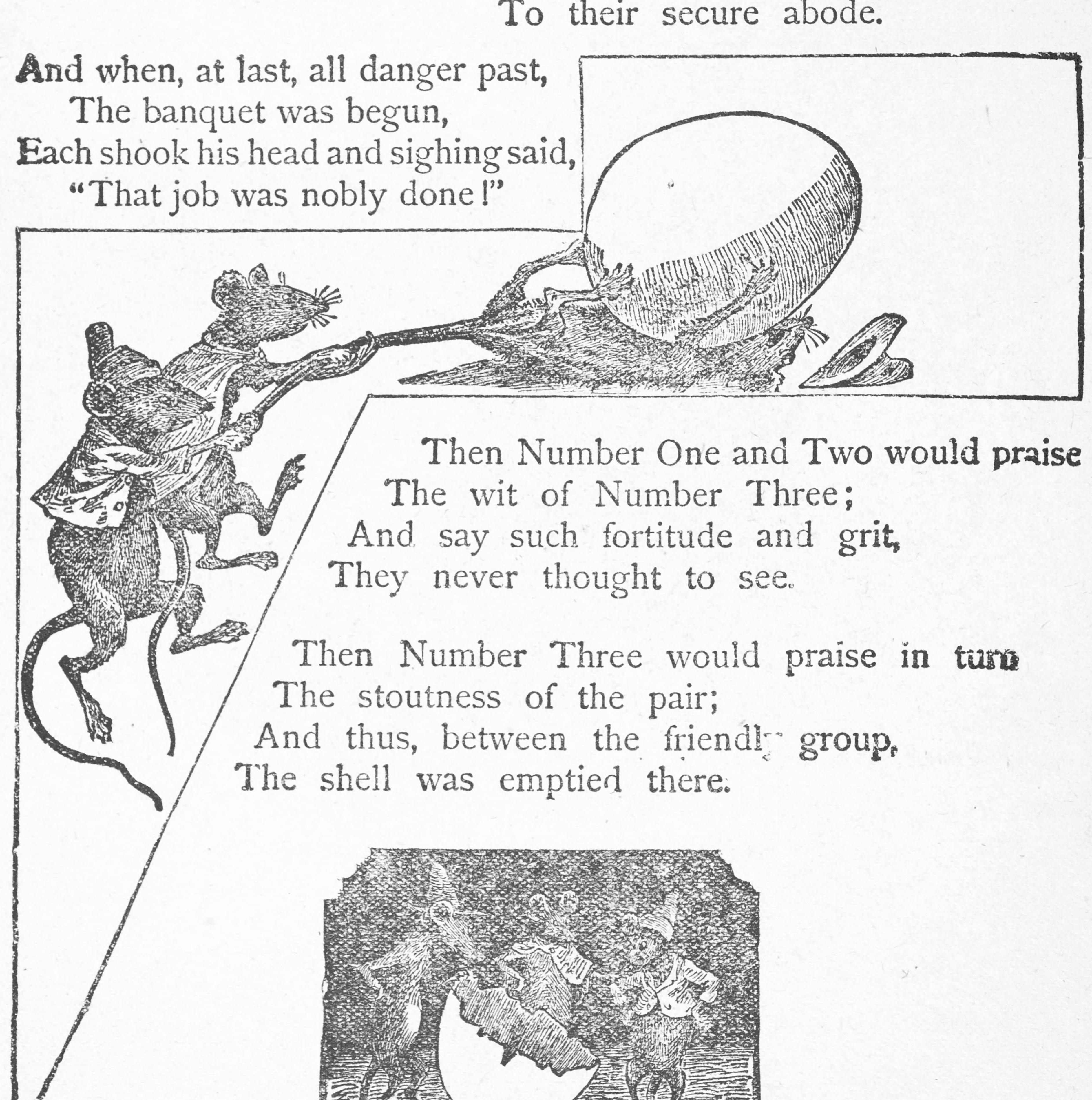
Upon me you can roll the egg And I will hold it there.

"Then you may, take me by the tail
And pull with might and main;
And thus, unless your strength should fail.
The treasure we may gain."

"A happy thought," said Number One; Cried Number Two, "You're rightA fast of four and twenty hours

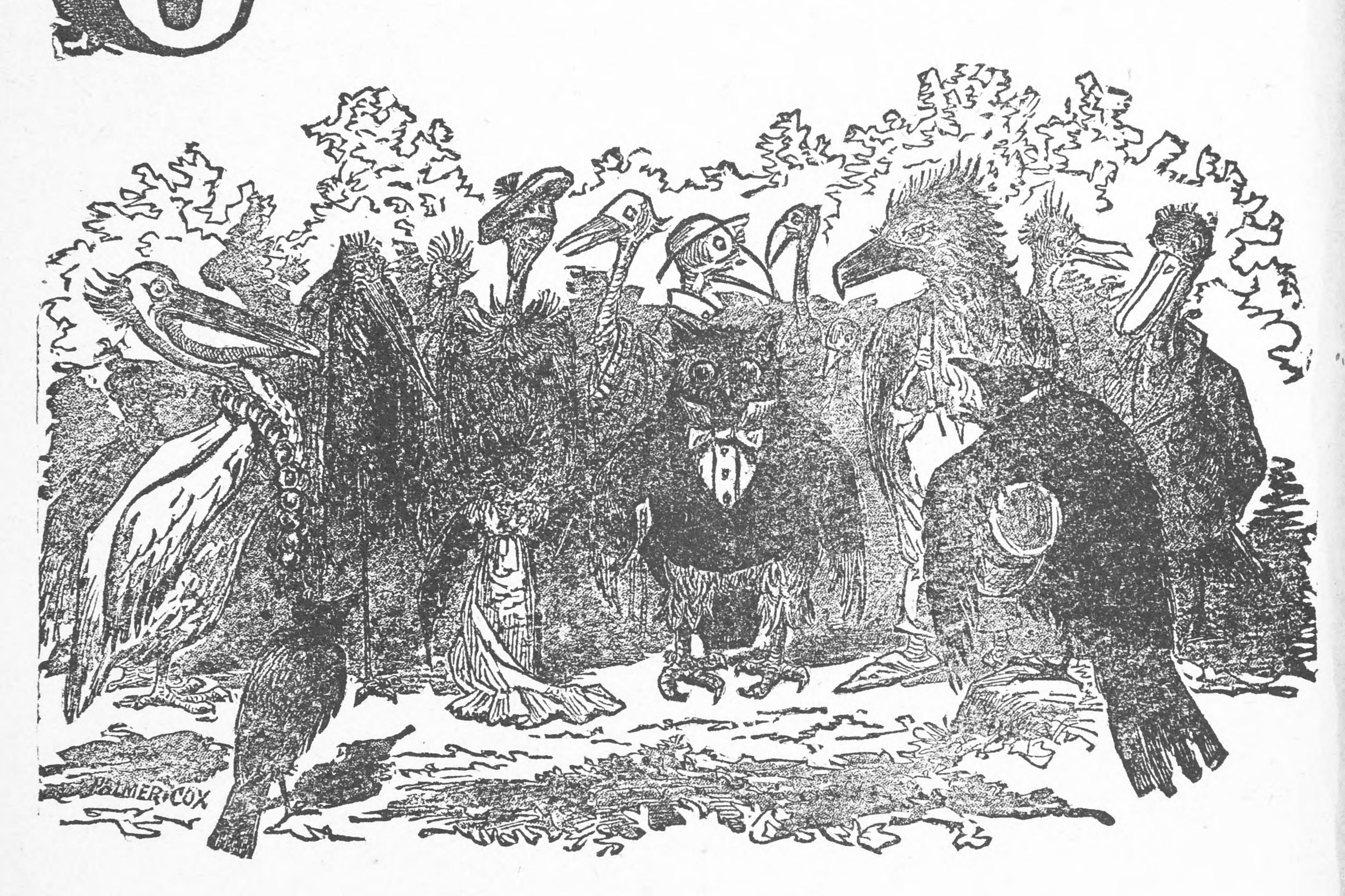
Has made our comrade bright."

To try the plan they then began;
And o'er a rugged road
Soon One and Two the other drew.
To their secure abode.



# THE OWL AND THE BAT.

H, lively was the group of birds that met on Beaver Flat.
The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the bat!



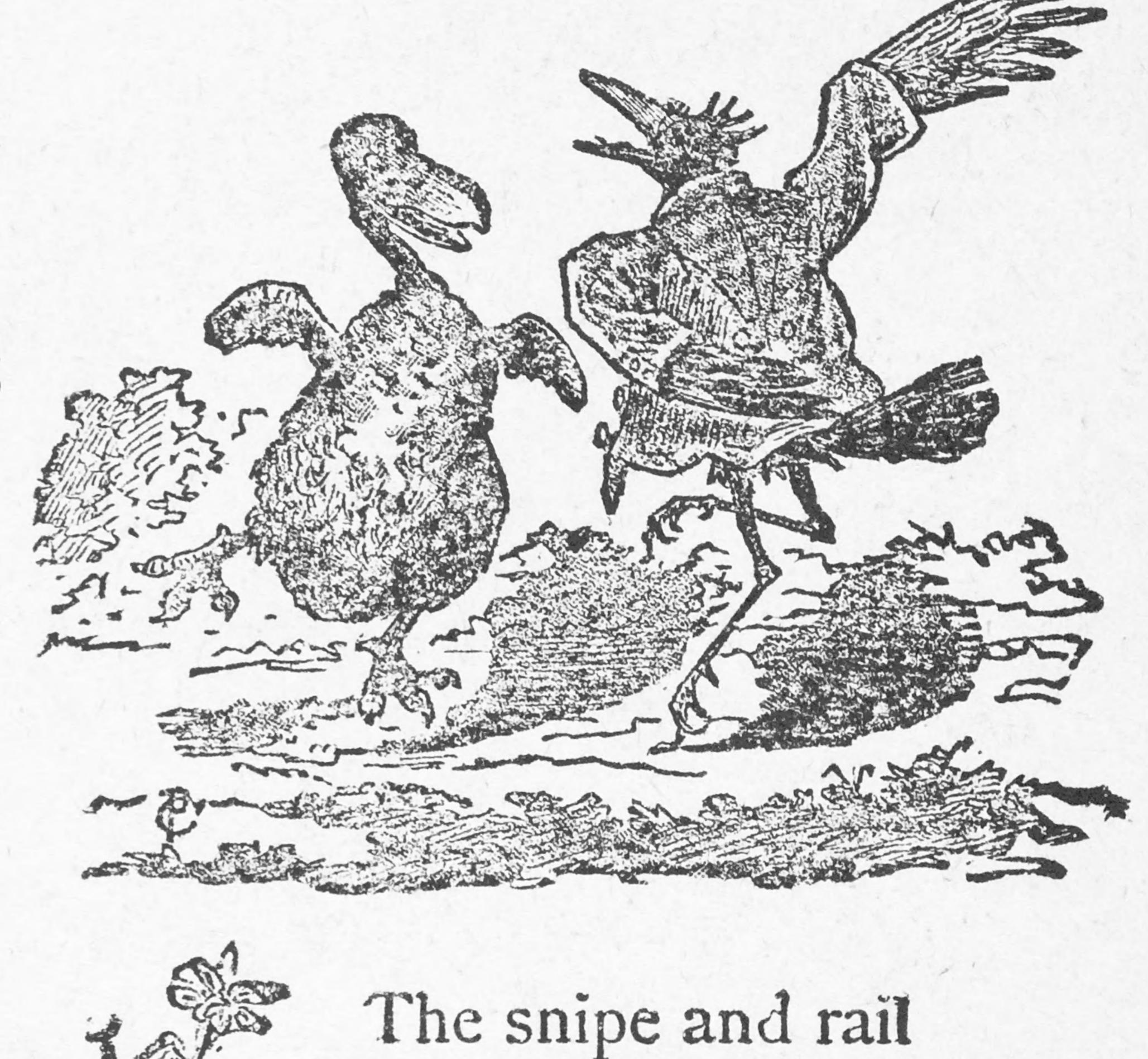
It was a sight, that summer night, to see them gather there; Some came by water, some by land, and others through the air.

The eagle quit the mountain-peak, to mix with meaner fowl, And, like a comrade, act the part of groomsman to the owl; The friendly stork had hastened there, with long and stately It was its happy privilege to give away the bride

And when arrangements were complete, a circle wide they made, And in the centre stood the pair, in finest dress arrayed. Then out in front advanced the crow, and bowed his shining head, And with three loud approving caws declared the couple wed.

Then kind congratulations poured from friends on every side,
As thronging round the happy pair, they kissed the blushing bride.
And soon the supper was prepared, for each had brought a share.
The crow and jay had carried corn; the eagle brought a hare;

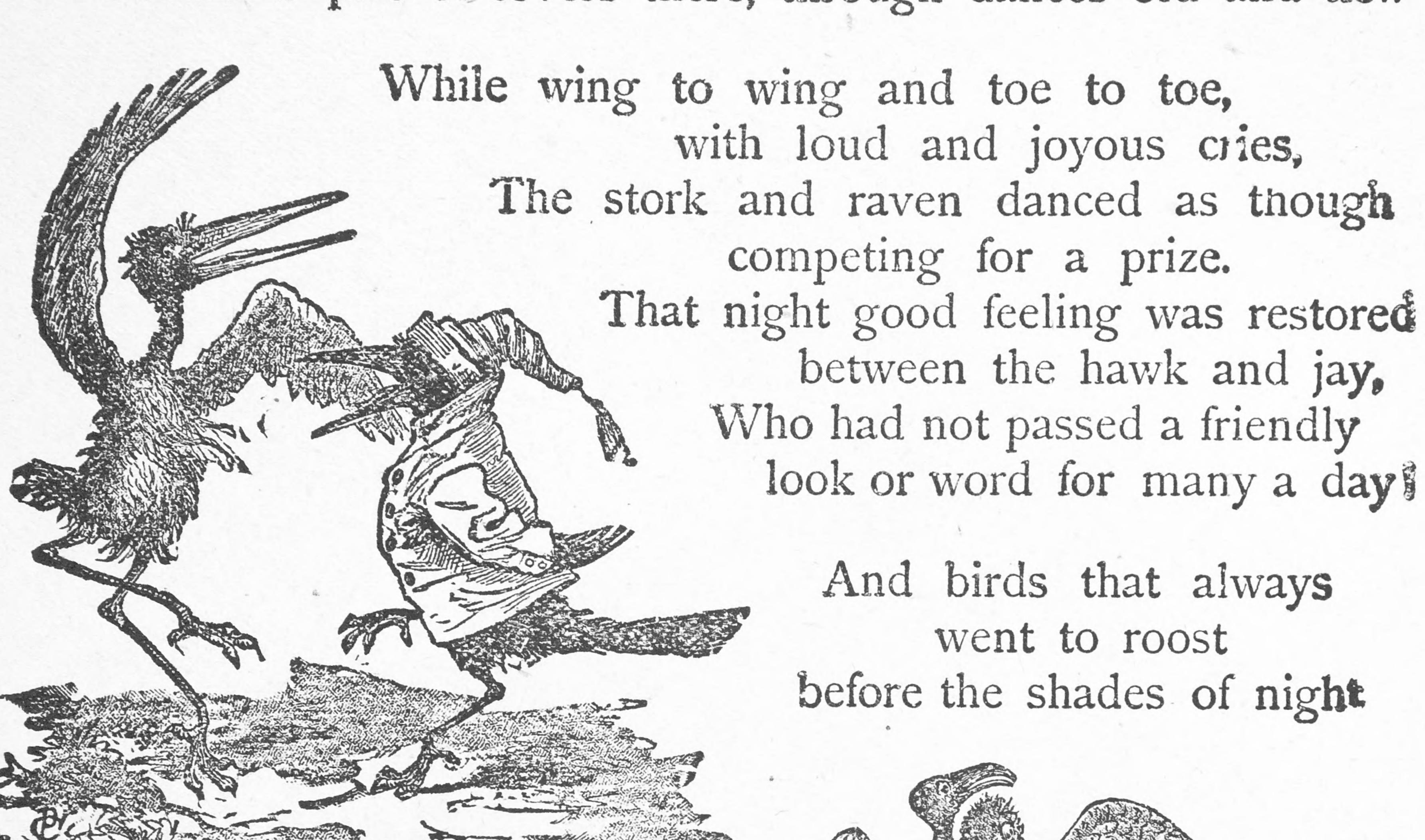
The curlew brought
a string of fish,
just taken from the lake;
The crane, a brace
of speckled frogs;
the buzzard brought a snake;
The owl and active
hawk procured
a dozen mice at least;



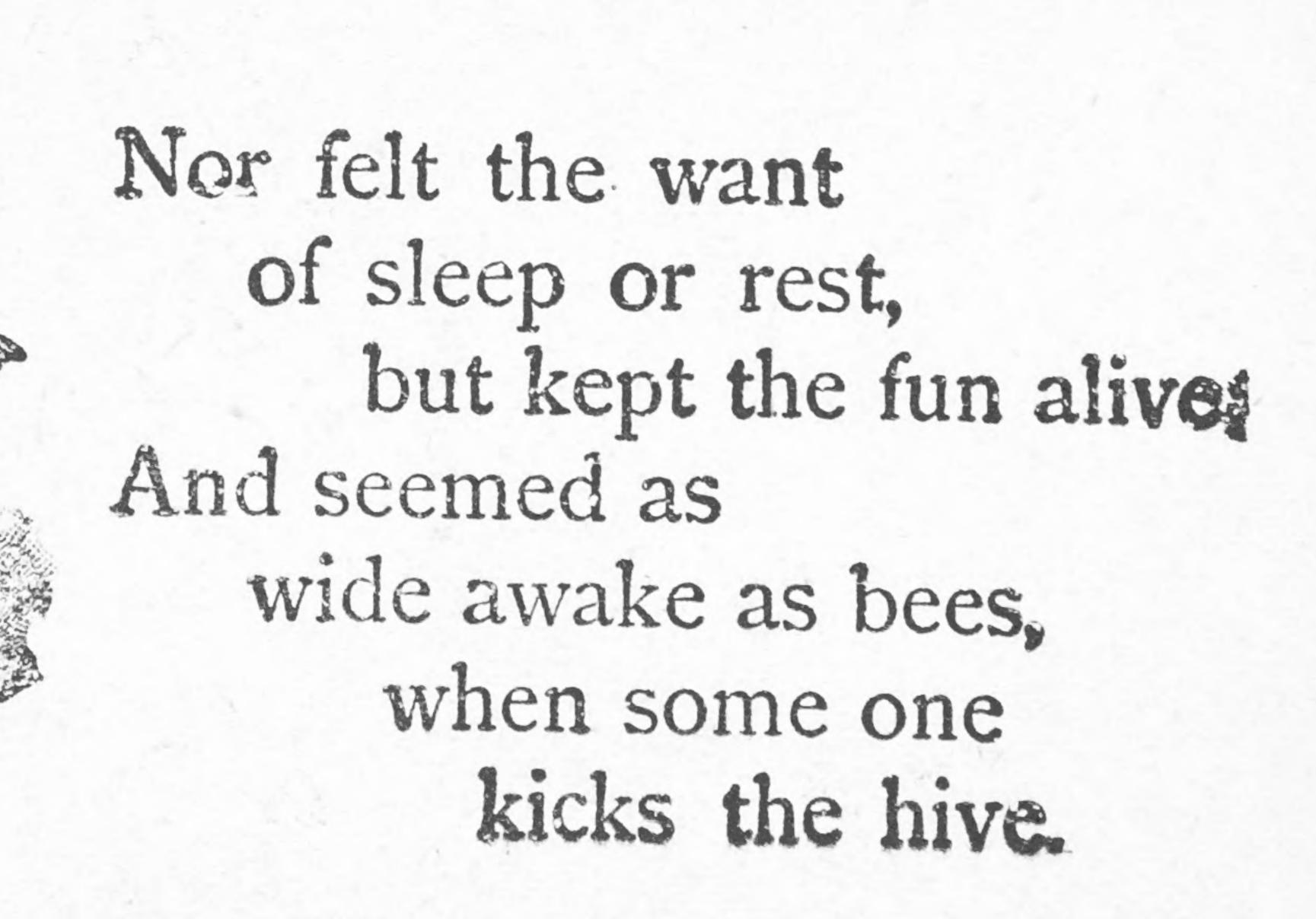
The snipe and rail brought water flies, to help along the feast.

And when each bird upon the ground, enjoyed a hearty meal. They whistled tunes, and sang their songs, or danced a lively reel.

Around the green, with stately mien, the dodo and curlew Moved like a pair of lovers there, through dances old and new



Now hopped around upon the ground until the morning light



And people long will call to mind the scene on Beaver Flat, The night on which the hooting owl was wedded to the hat,



#### THE STORK'S NEW SUIT.

And called his friends to see;
Remarking, "'Tis a splendid fit,
And suits my mate and me."

At once the friendly group began The clothes to criticise;

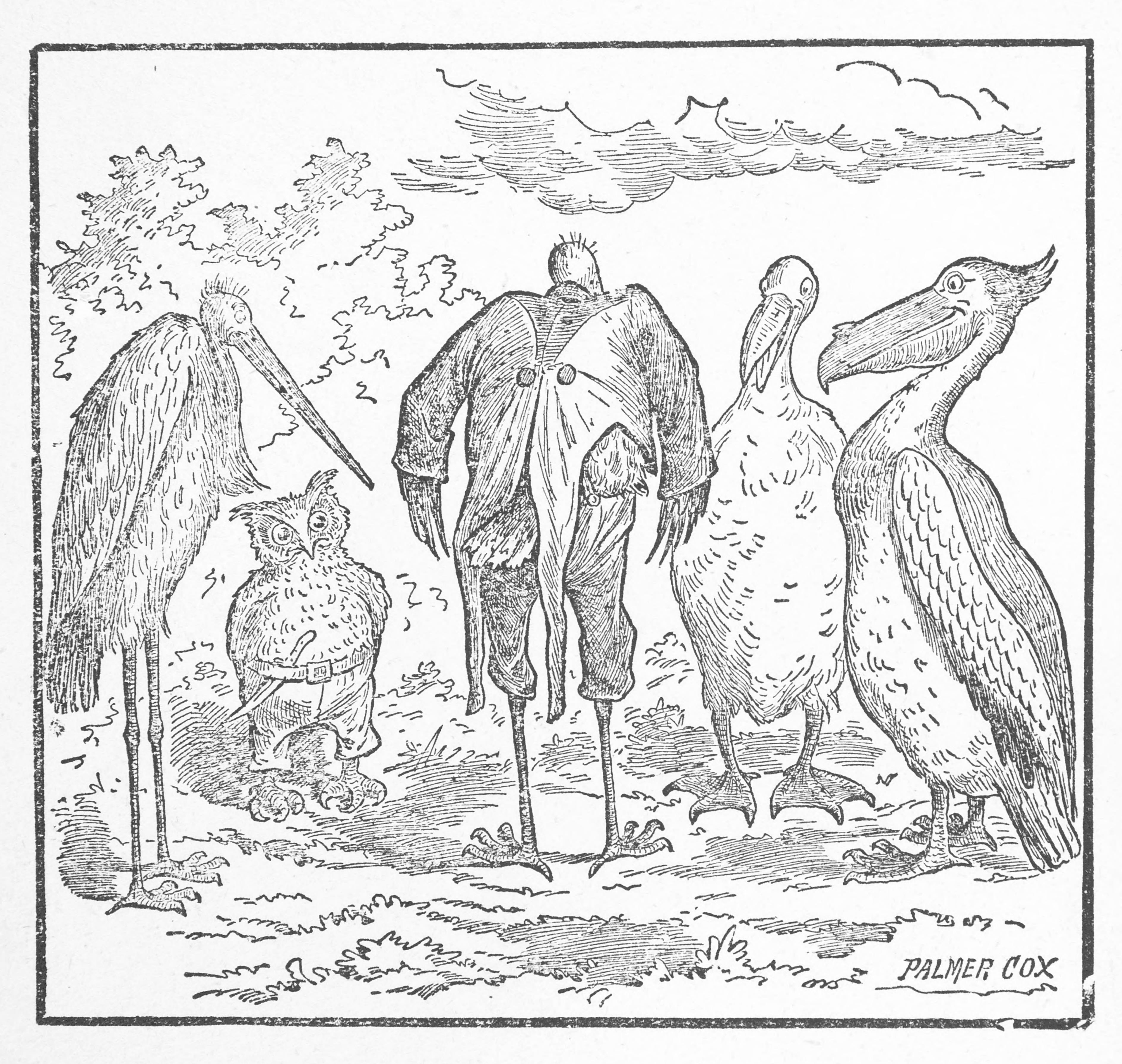
> O'er every part and seam they ran Their sharp, discerning eyes.

> > One thought the collar was too high,
> >
> > And this or that was long;
> >
> > Another thought it hung awry,
> >
> > The style and cut were wrong.

And so he cut and clipped about, And worked as best he could: athered in, and loosened out,

As they advised he should.

And when the change was all complete,



And dressed again was he,

No bird that ever stood on feet

Was such a sight to see

#### THE BABY-BIRD.

bird sung,
While sitting on Cherry-tree Hill!
The rain pelted down with force on

And ran from the point of his bill.

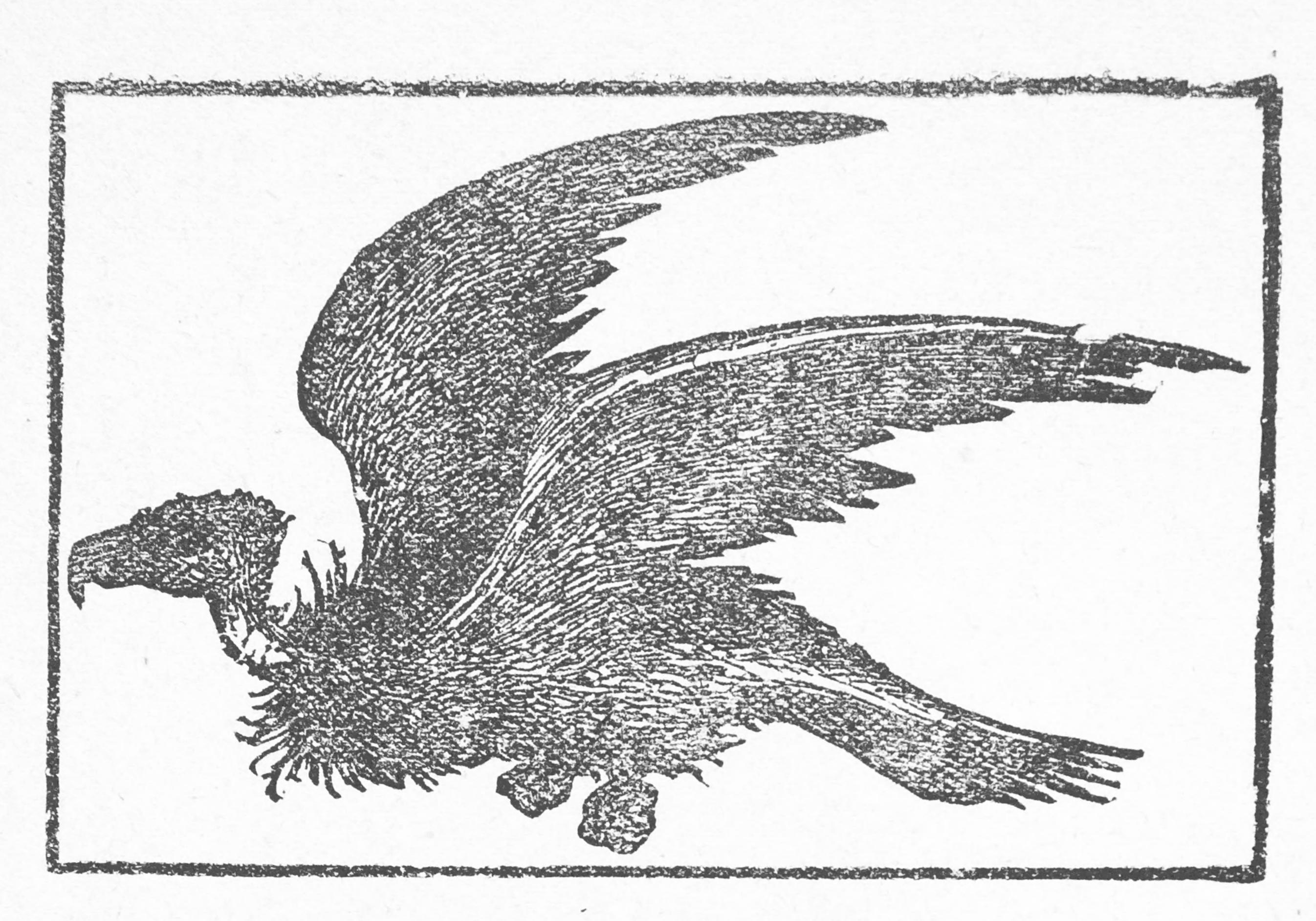
his crown,

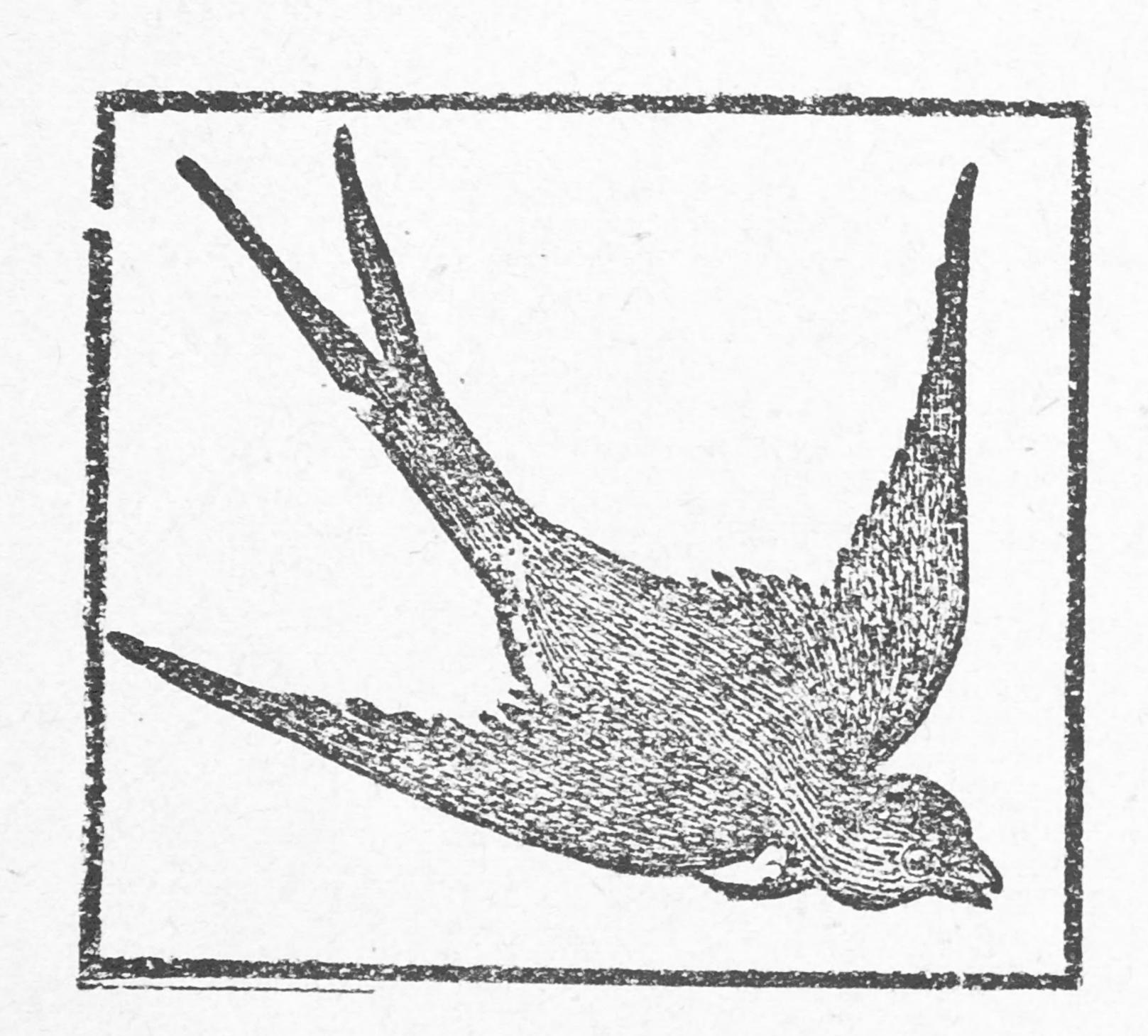
My coat is wet through,
and it's small
wonder, too,
When only pin-feathers
are there;
My head is a sop,
from my tail
waters drop,
I shiver and shake
in the air

"I'd be in fine plight
if the hawk came
in sight;
I neither could fly
nor could run;
"m sick of this life,
with its struggle
and strife,
ore it is fairly begun.



fine, when I saw
the sun shine,
And beauty of earth
and of sky;
But rain makes me
raw, and I don't
care a straw,
Now, whether I live
or I die.





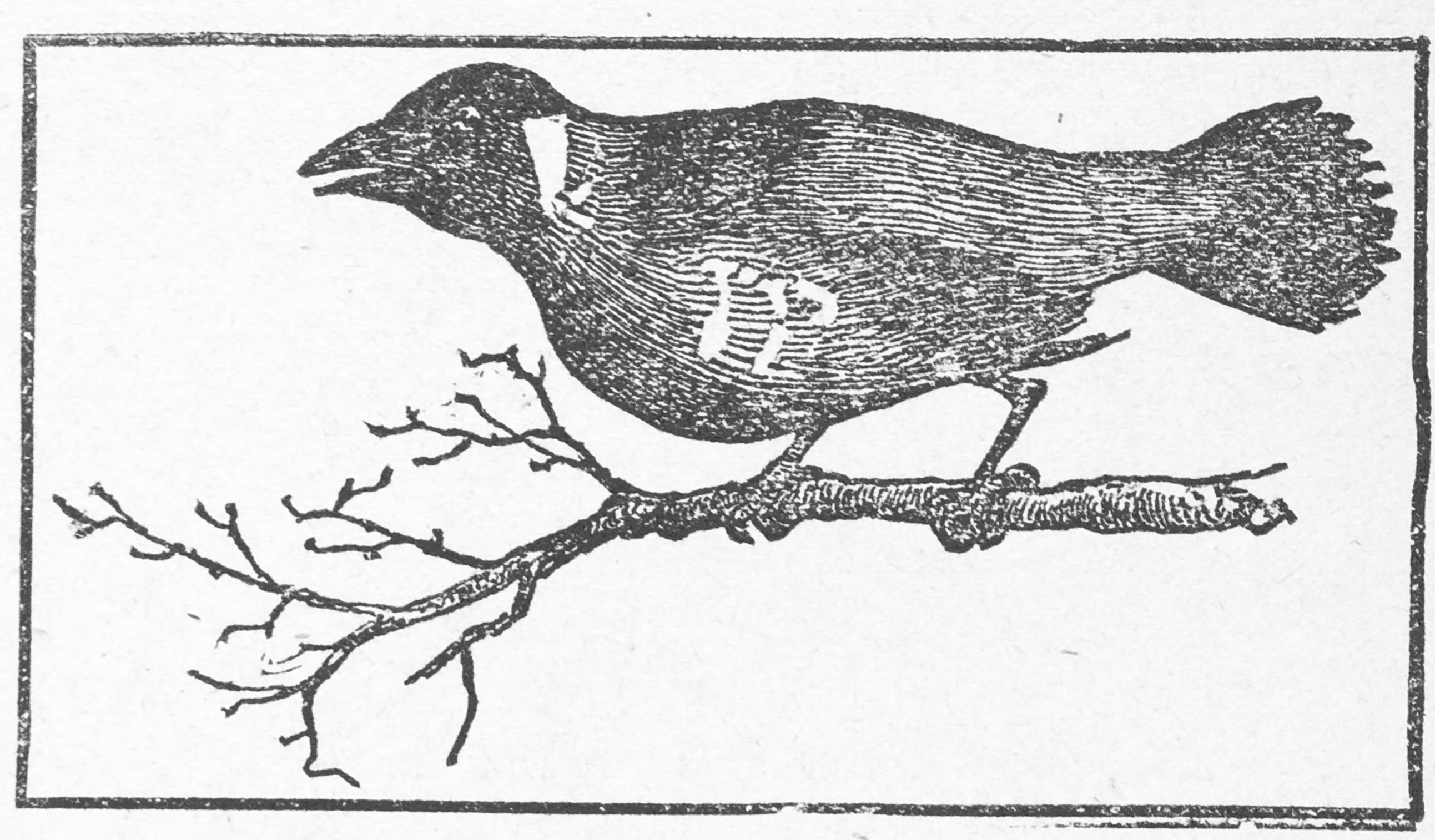
"The vulture can soar,
when his breakfast is o'er,
The jay is as brisk
as a bee;
The swallow can skim,
which is pleasure to him,
And the woodpecker
taps on the tree.



The grasshopper sings, and the bug is on wings.

As proud as an eagle in air:

The
robin's
sweet note,
and the
bobolink's throat,
Show
they have
no sorrow or care.

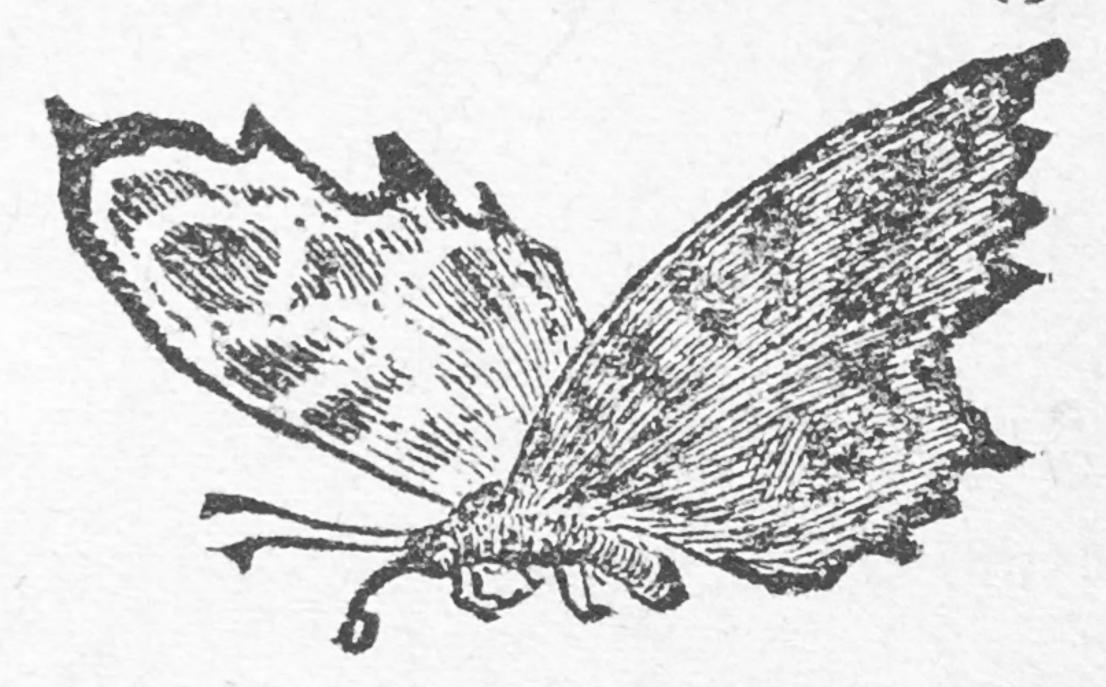




"The bee on the flower,
can fly
from the shower,
And wait till the
clouds roll away;
The beetle can crawl far into
the wall,
But here I am anchored to stay.

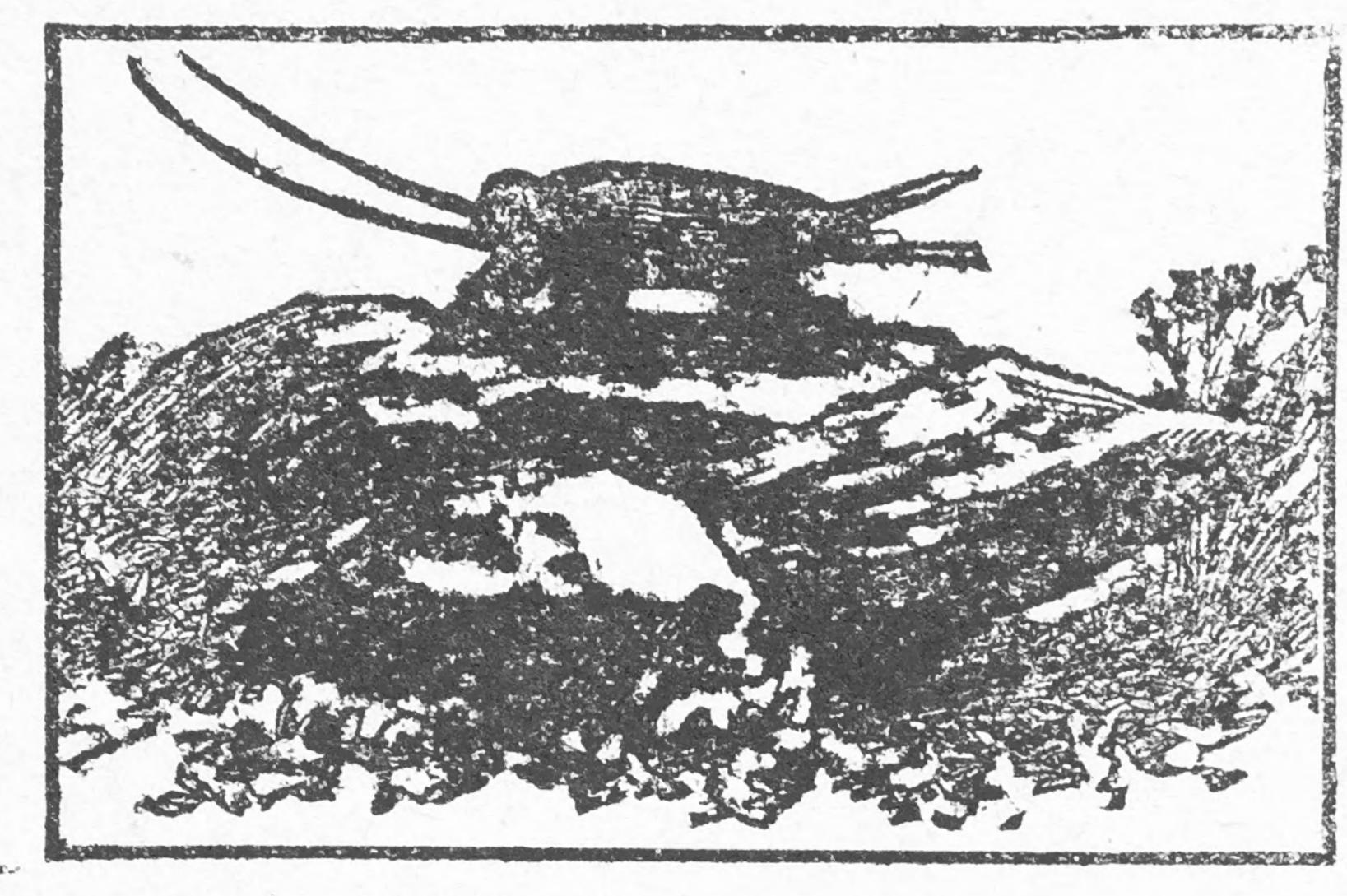
"The owl may complain
to the moon and her train,
When sadly in need of some prog;
But seems quite content, and
gives over lament,
When holding a mouse or a rrog.

"The butterfly bright, sports round in delight,
And should he at any time tire;



He rests on the hollyhock, purple and white,
The buttercup, clover, or brier.

The cricket
to chirrip
While resting
on his
And when he
then soon



is free
in glee,
at ease
throne;
fears harm,
in alarm,

He creeps underneath the warm stone.



I have a surmise,
when morning does rise,
Twill find me below on the ground.

My parents, I know, little wisdom did show, With all due respect, I must say,

To build the nest out on a long slender branch, So liable ever to sway.



"Although in my days I am young, it is true,
I've been an observing one still;

I'd give to old heads just a pointer or two,

If I all my summers could fill.

"I've either come here much ahead of my time, Or else I am piping too late;

There's something amiss with my coming, I wis,
I'm out of my place or my date.

"My s they are cold, I can barely keep hold,

There's something like cramps in each claw;

I scarcely can peek, for my heart action's weak.

And breath now I hardly can draw.

"And this is the sort of a life, full of sport,

That sweetly was whispered to me;

While folded up tight, in the egg out of sight,

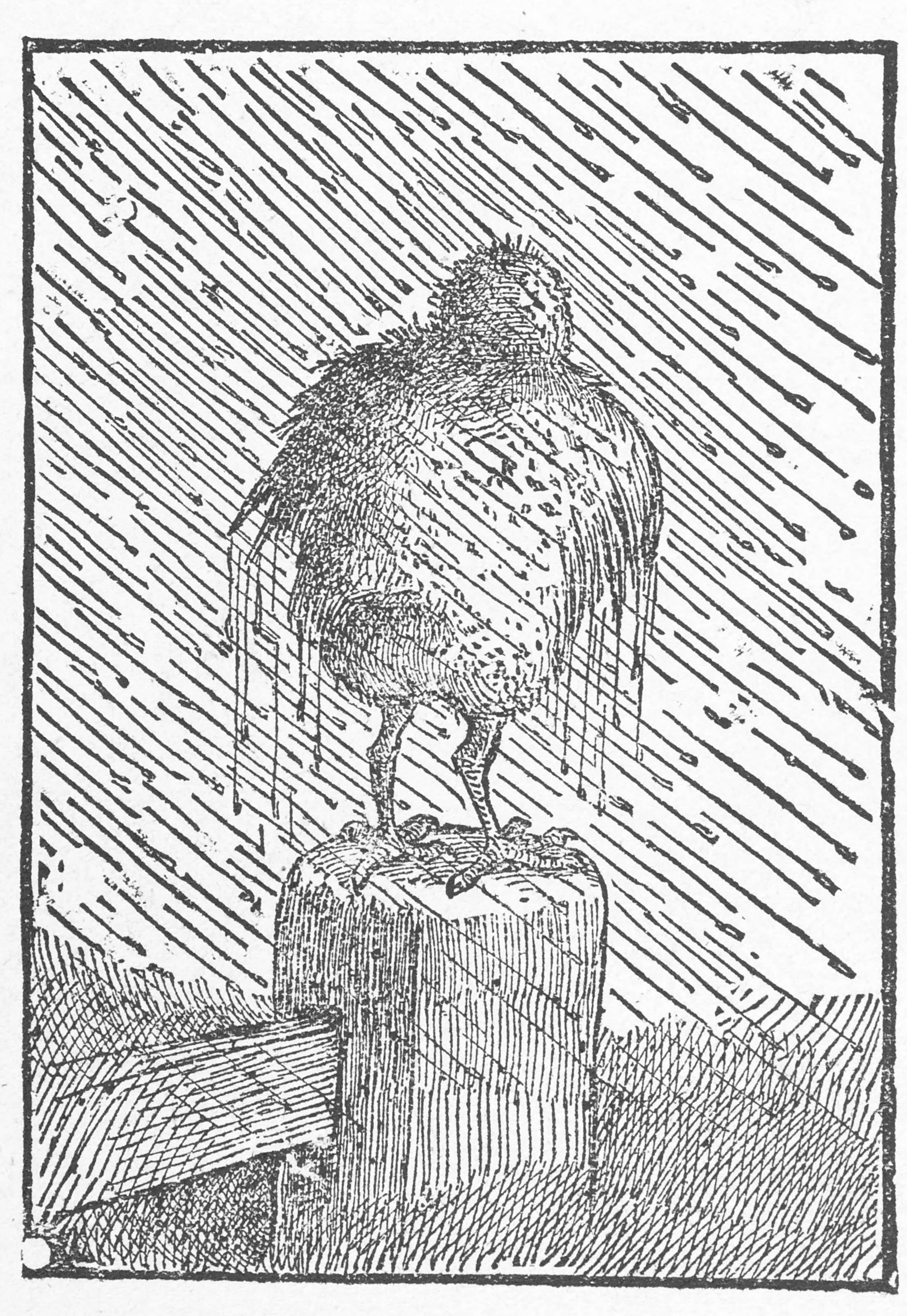
As quiet as quiet can be.

"Oh, why did I ever come out of the shell?

Oh, why did I pick my way through?

Or why did the wind shake me out of my nest?

Before I could fly?—a-boo-hoo!"



# THE LION AND RHINOCEROS



LION once had vainly tried

To cross a river deep and wide;

For sickness had beset him sore,

Had shrunk his form and stilled his roar.

And made him fear the chilling flow, That tumbled to the sea below.

An old rhinoceros, at last, Who through the water often passed,



And did of friendship nothing lack,

Gave him a seat upon his back;

Then, with the lion, started o'er,

To leave him on the distant shore.

Now, other beasts, from either side.

The novel spectacle had spied,

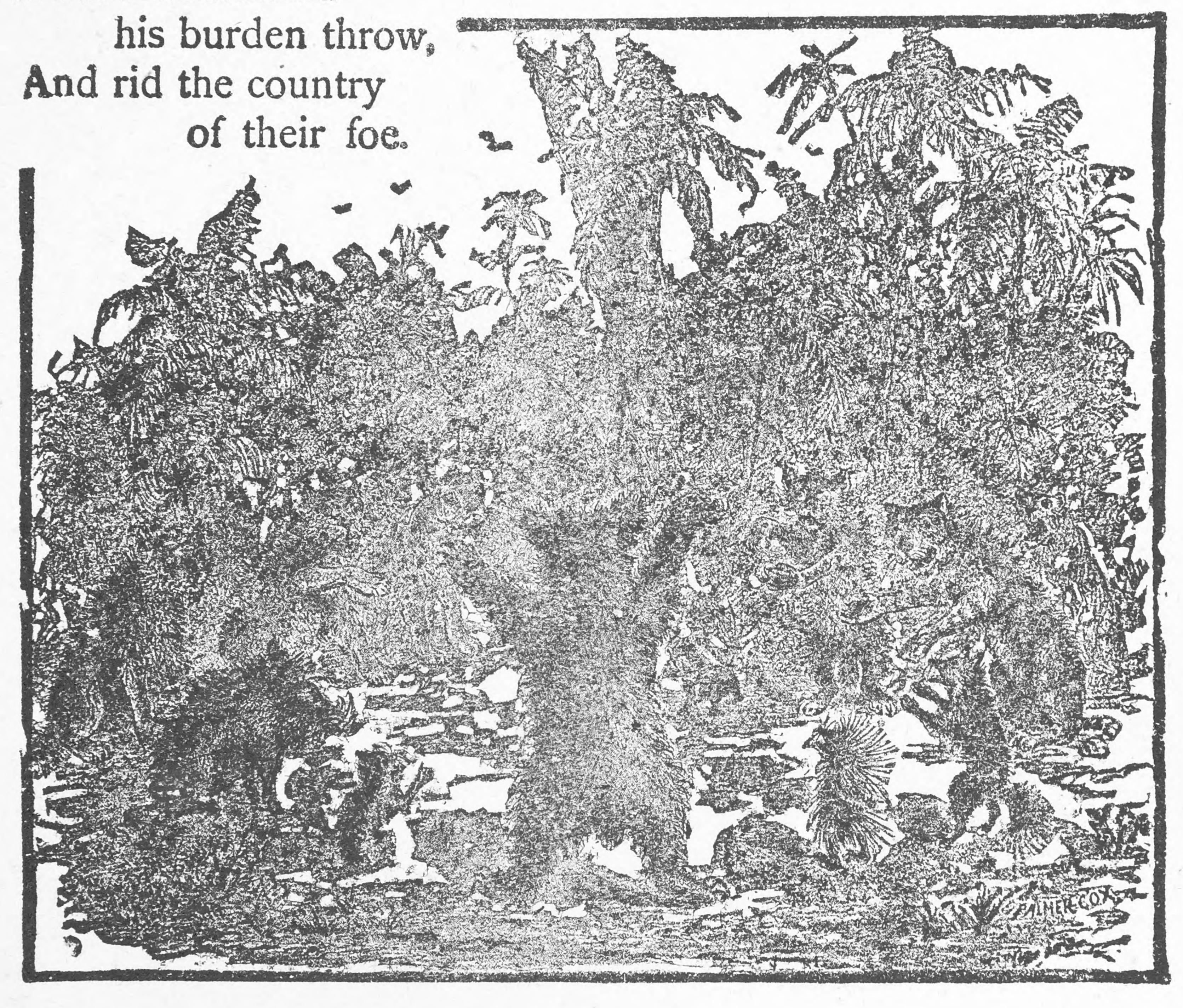
And kept the earnest wish alive,

The old rhinoceros would dive;

Or, when he reached the current strong,

That through the channel swept along,

Would overboard



But when upon the distant strand,

They saw the thankful lion stand,

With scarce a hair upon him wet,

And safe to chase or govern yet,

In anger every creature yelled,

A meeting on the spot was hele,

# And plots against the beast were laid, Who dared to give the lion aid.

If he's a fish," one speaker cried, Let him beneath the water bide;

With clams and muscles
at his toes,
And eels and leeches
at his nose,
And not come crawling
round us here,
To aid a rogue
that others fear.

If he's indeed a beast of prey,

He should on land contented stay,

And not be keeping us in doubt

Which way to class the plated lout."

Thus things went on, from day to day.

At last they made a bold assay;

Combined to give, in minutes few,

The old rhinoceros his due.

But while the fight was under way,
And dark and doubtful seemed the day,
The lion, now both sound and strong,
As luck would have it came along.

moment there he viewed the fight,

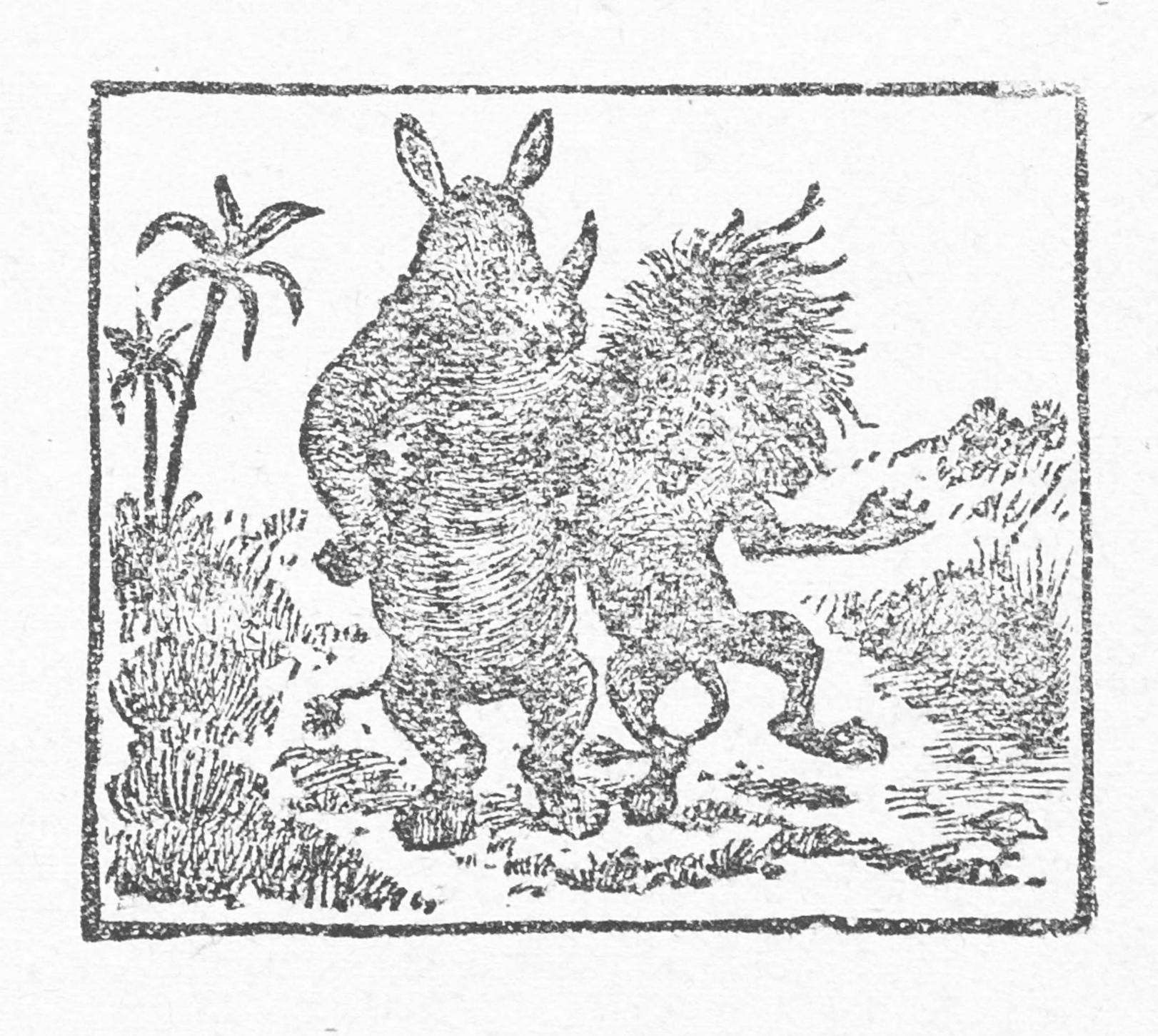
And quickly guessed the motive right;



"This mean, combined attack," said he,
"Is what he gets for aiding me

My sturdy friend of former day
Must have support without delay.
Though working well among his foe.
With stamping feet and tossing nose,
He needs assistance from a brother,
And one good turn deserves another."

With that he bounded to the fray,
And soon confusion marked his way.
The roar that from his throat arose
Made creatures tremble to their toes
The howling band was forced to yield.
And left them masters of the field.
And ever after, side by side,
The couple journeyed far and wide,
Friends, tried and true, as friends can be
Who live by force and robbery;
While other beasts, by night and day,
Took care to give them right of way



#### THE CANDLE THIEVES.

THE night was dark, and all the house In peaceful slumber lay,



The cats had gone to make a call

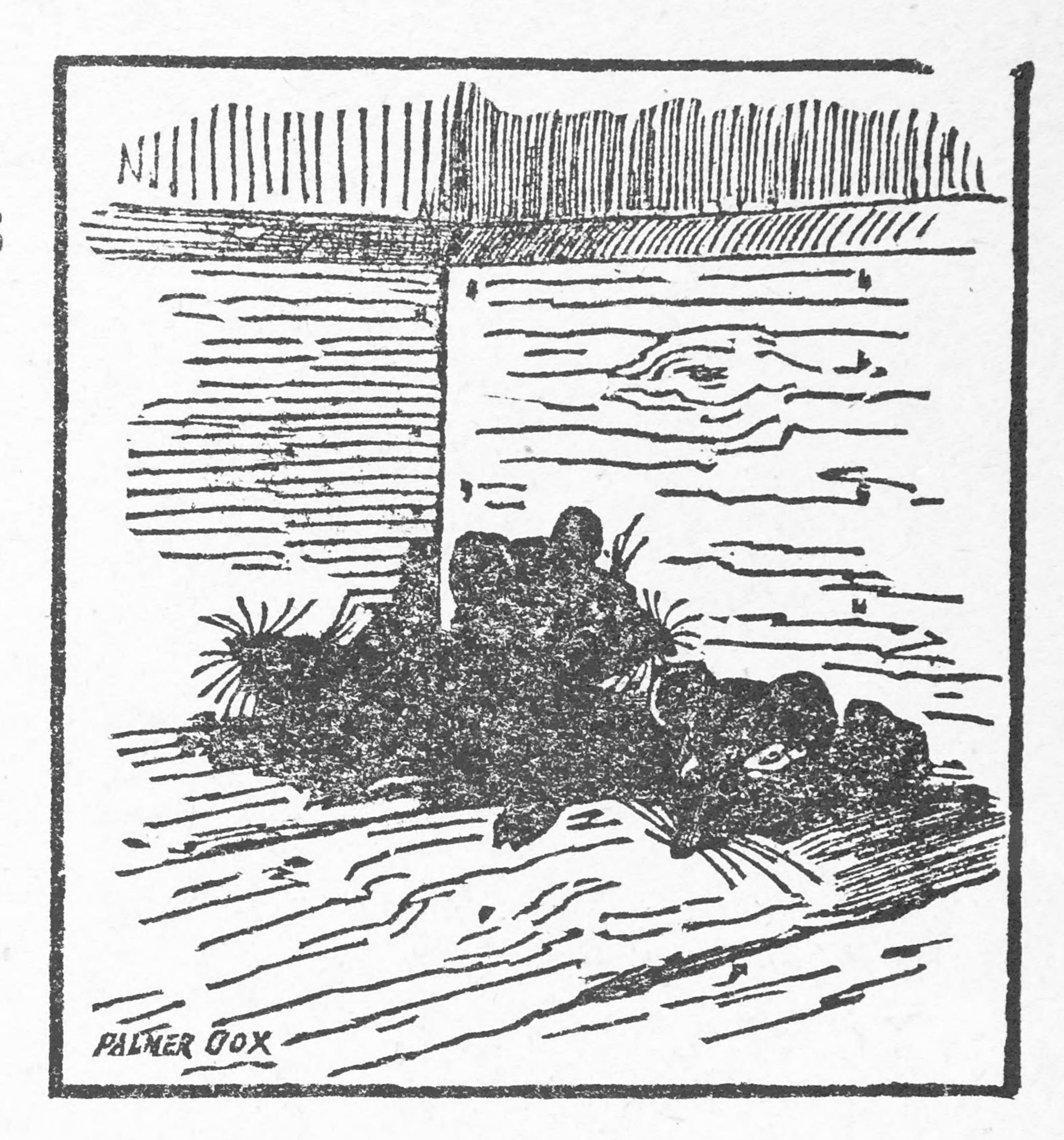
On friends across the way,

of a room,
of a room,
are all could entrance find;
A band of cunning mice
appeared,
With mischief in their mind.

All wearing masks, as though to hide

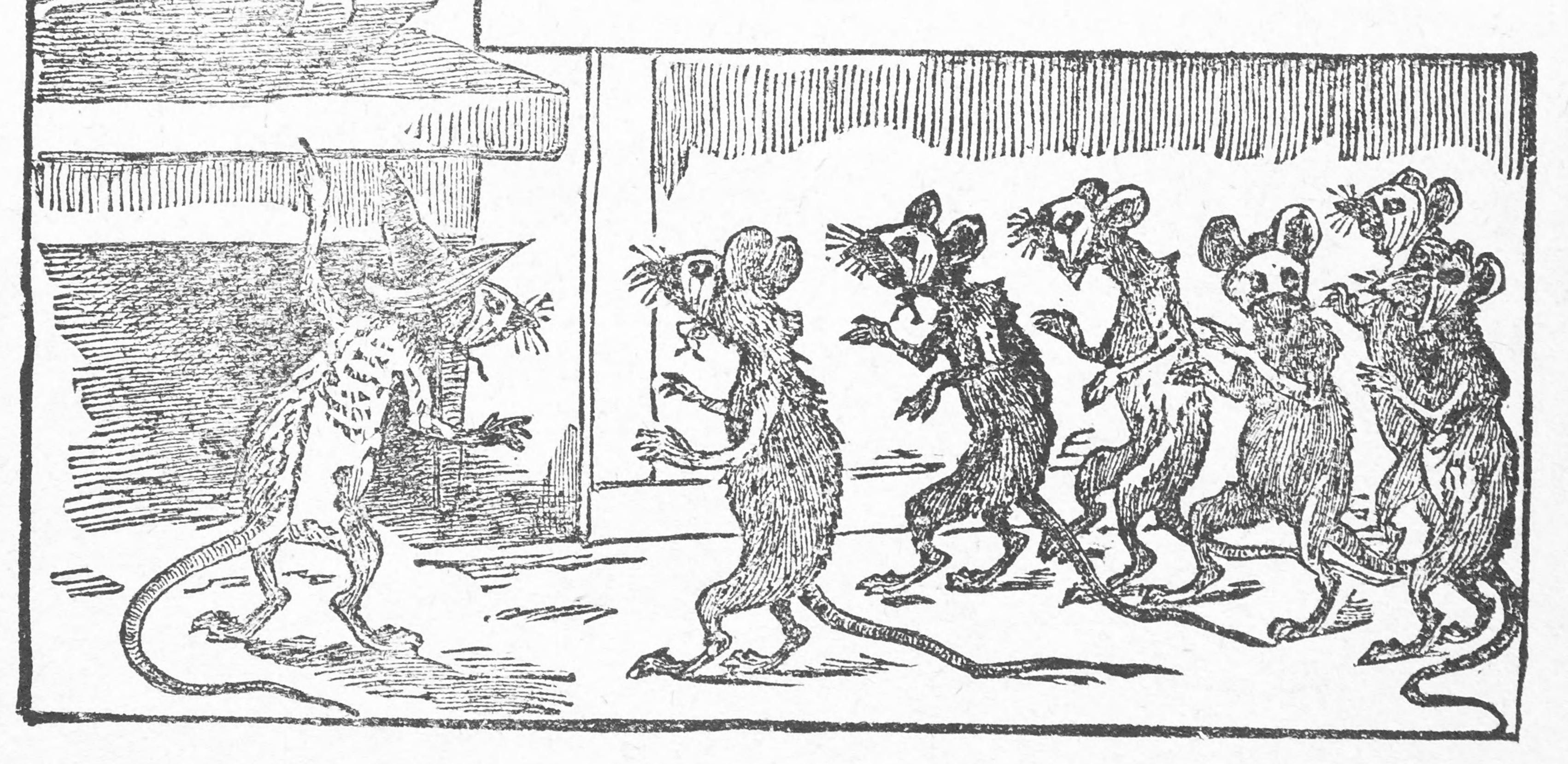
Their features from a foe; In single order, one by one, They ventured from below.

By signs and whispers they advanced,
As burglars move around;



Prepared to turn and leave the place, Upon the slightest sound.

As soldiers must commanders have,
To lead them to the fray;
So one, more daring, moved in front,
And pointed out the way.



But bread and cheese were under keys,

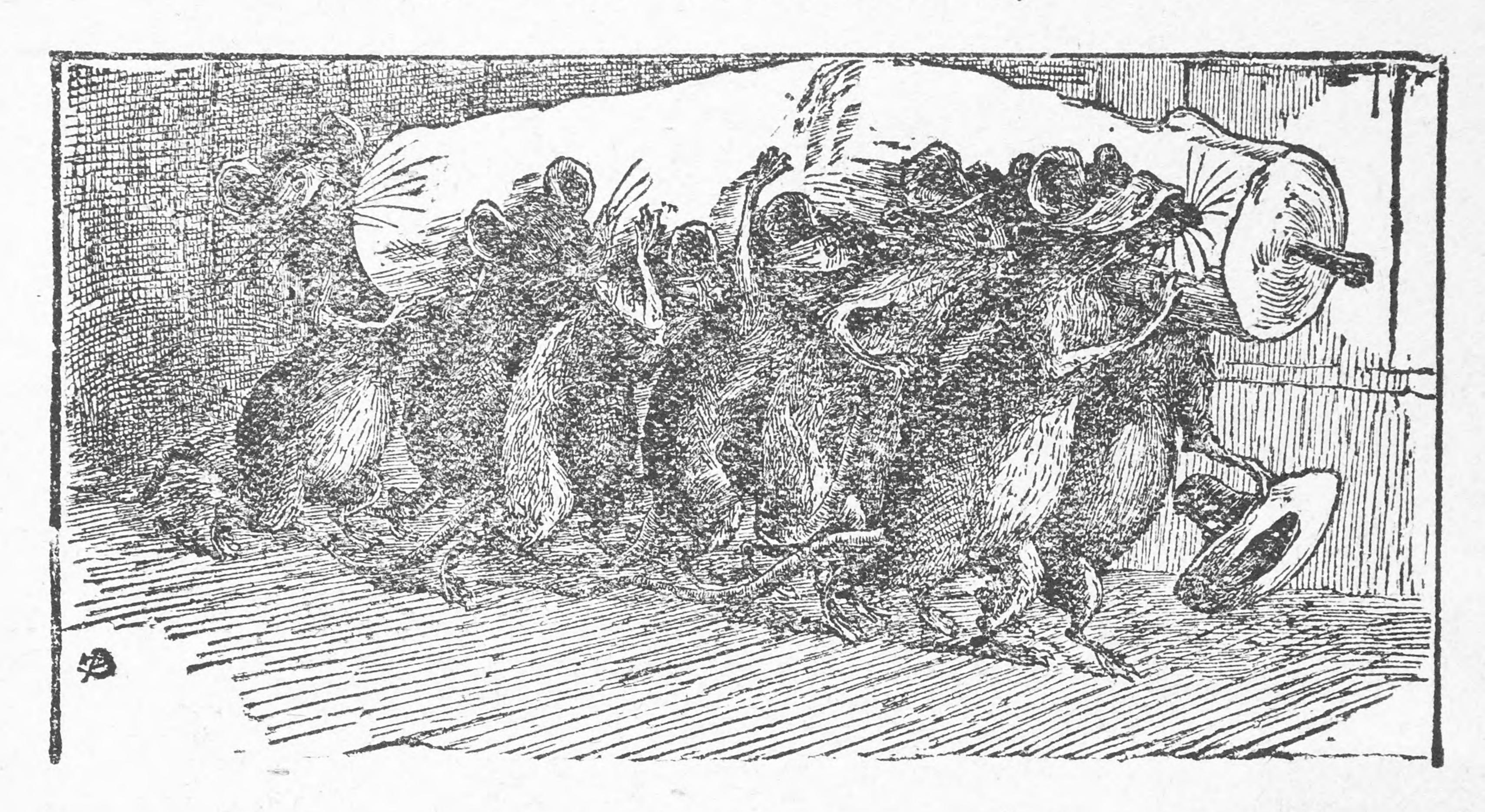
The cake and pie the same;



Alone, a tallow candle stood,

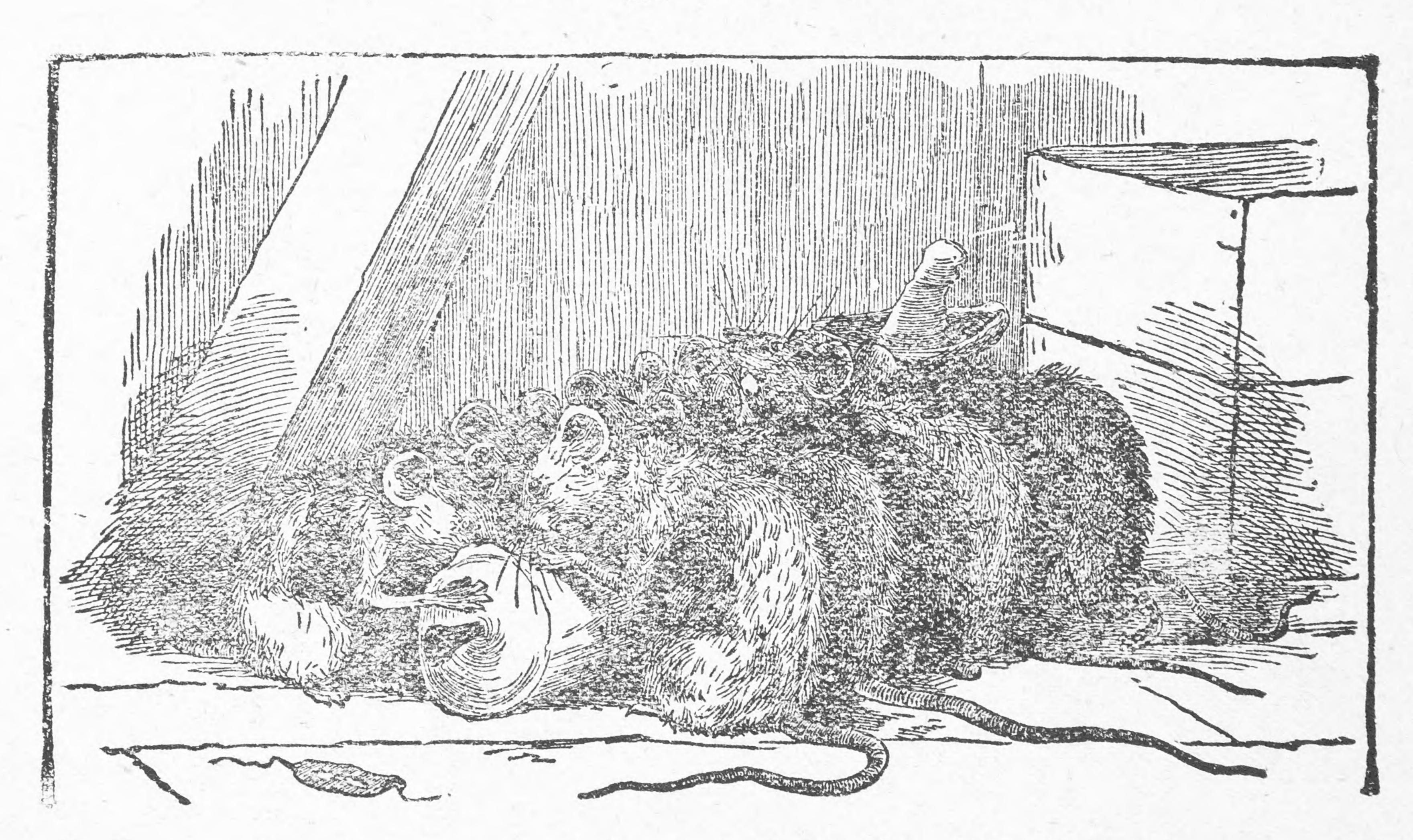
That scarce had felt the flame.

# The hungry band here made a stand, And soon to action flew,



And from its socket-pedestal

The graceful column drew.



On heads, and backs, and shoulder-blades, Where best the burden lay,

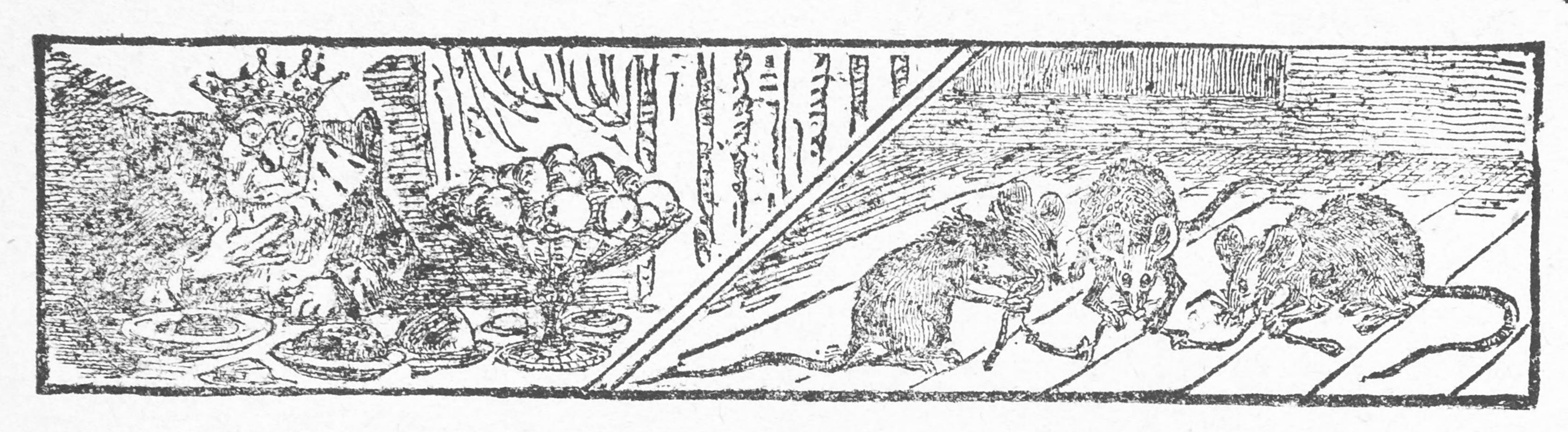
With smiling face, and rapid pace.
They bore the prize away.

And when, at last, the load was cast,

Where all could form in shape,

And each one got a certain spot

At which to sit and scrape,



Then, kings around their royal board,
Arrayed in jewels bright,

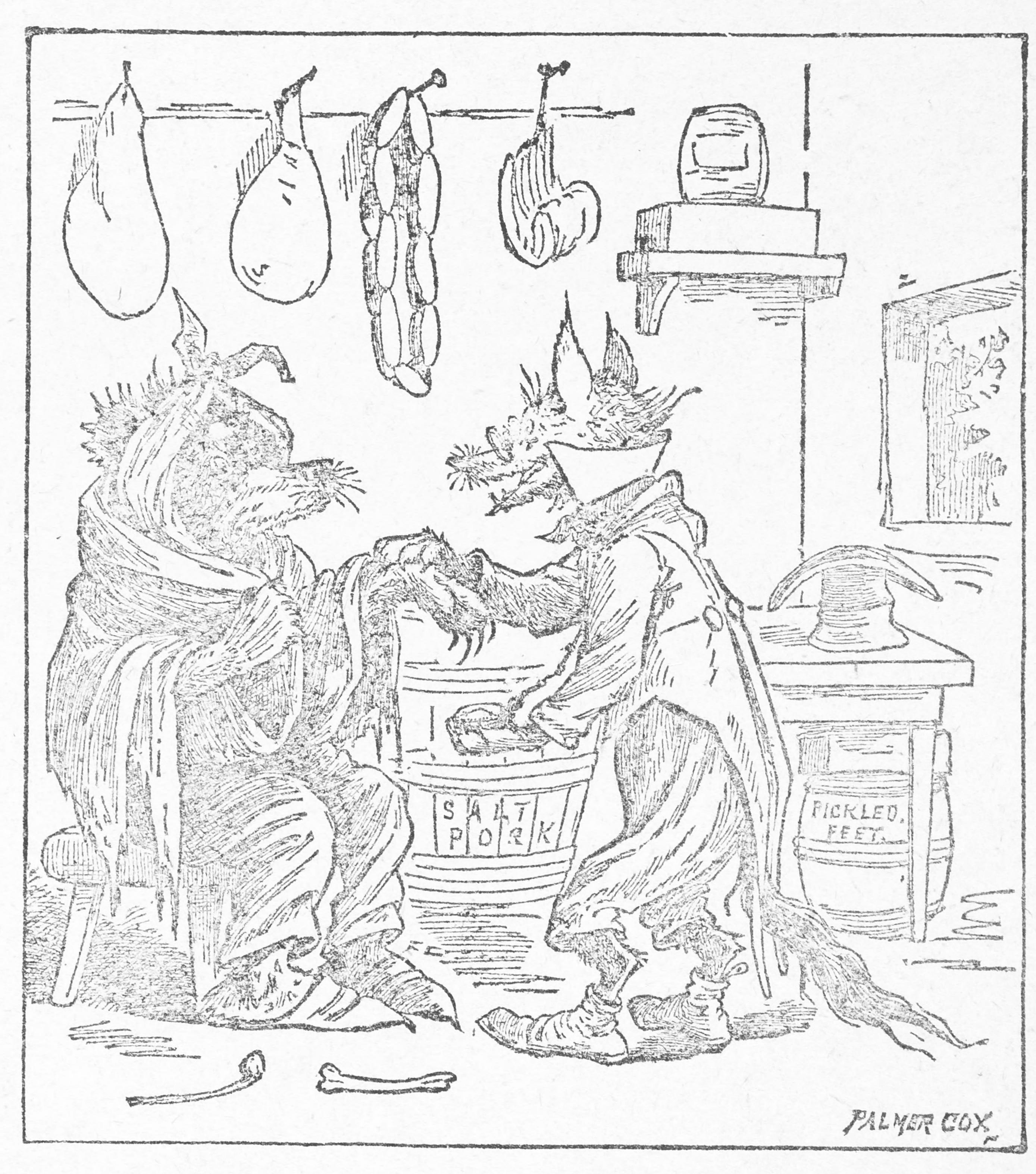
With crowns of gold and wealth untold, Might envy their delight.



HE Bear was feeling ill one fall;
So neighbor Wolf made haste to call,
To tell what best would suit his case,
And bring the color to his face.

Now Doctor Wolf was shrewd of mind—
A sharper of the sharpest kind;
And when his eyes had travelled o'er
Old Bruin's tempting winter store,
Said he: "Your pulse is low indeed;
A change of life you sorely need.

A trip across the ocean blue
Might brace your failing strength anew;
Or Greenland's climate might impart
A smoother action to your heart.
But, living high, I plainly see,



Unless you change your present style,
You'll hardly see the summer smile.

Take good advice, and fling aside
Your salted pork and mutton dried.

The pickled feet and sausage give

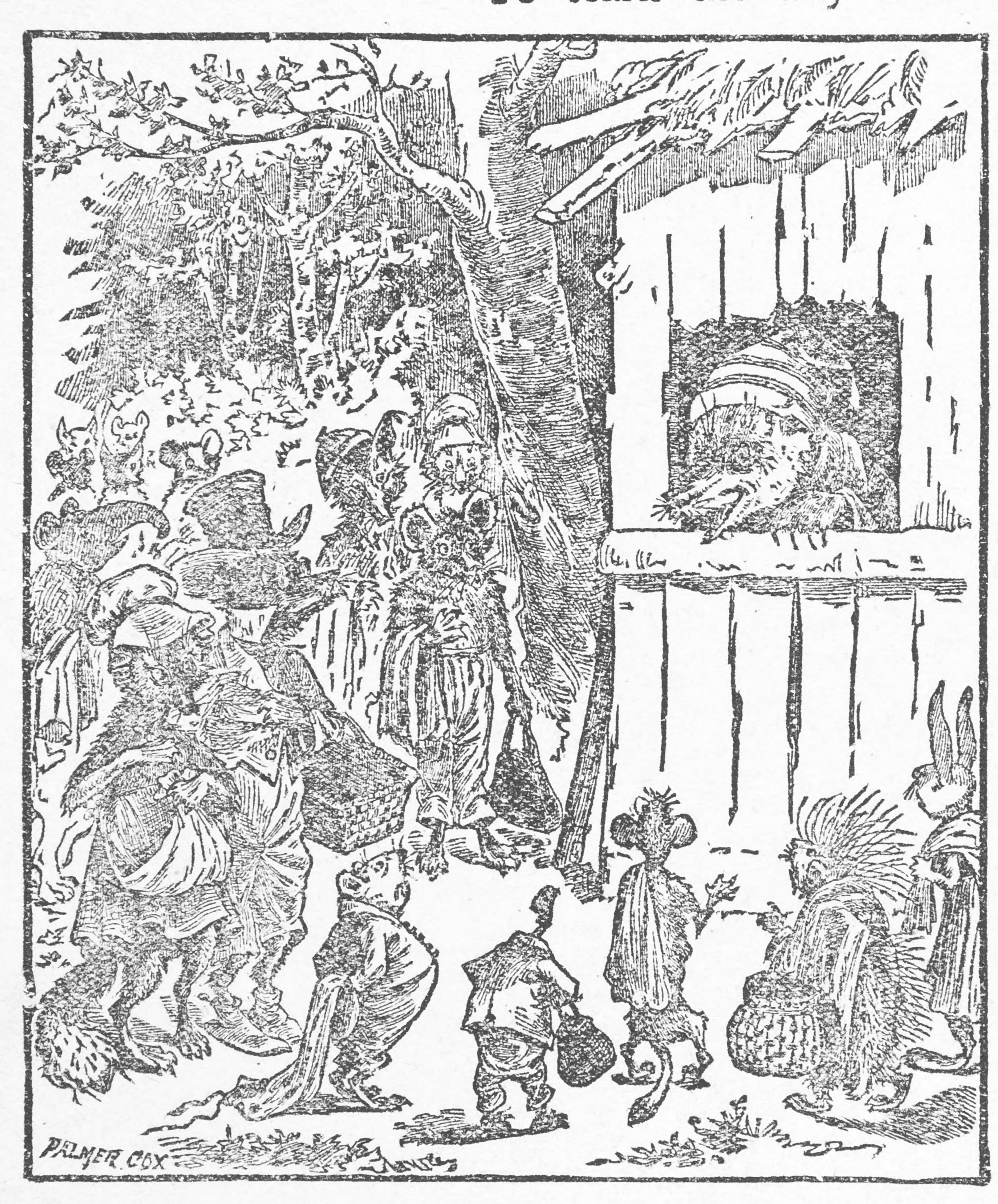
To those who'd rather die than live.

Of roots and herbs your meals prepare,

For health is found in simple fare."

It seemed to give the Bear delign.

To learn the way to live aright



To tell his friends about the plan;

How Bruin now would feast no more

On stews, and roasts, as heretofore;

But freely scatter to the wind

Provisions of the choicest kind

# THE HONEY-LOVING CUBS.

"You should have passed the hive with care,

And not have tried to bring it home,

However sweet may be the comb.



I thought you knew, as well as me,

What dangers lurk behind the bee.

For not a thing that flies or crawls,

With greater venom on us falls;

When you think they're in the air,

They're holding revels in your hair.

The sweeping paw is all in vain,

The leap in air, or cry of pain,



For, quicker than the smartest fling,

Will come the penetrating sting.

I know temptations try us hard,

And oft' we fail, when off our guard,

And I will now inform your mind

On matters of this special kind.

water and water the property of the second o

"Oh, mother, dear, in mercy pause,"
Replied the cub, through swollen jaws;

"Your kind advice, an hour ago,

Had saved us much distress and woc.

My nose would not be such a sight,

My eyes could better reach the light;

My mouth would not be traveling round.

To find the ear now dull to sound.

But now your words seem out of place,
Because we understand the case;

And could sit here till morning's sun, Explaining how the work was done

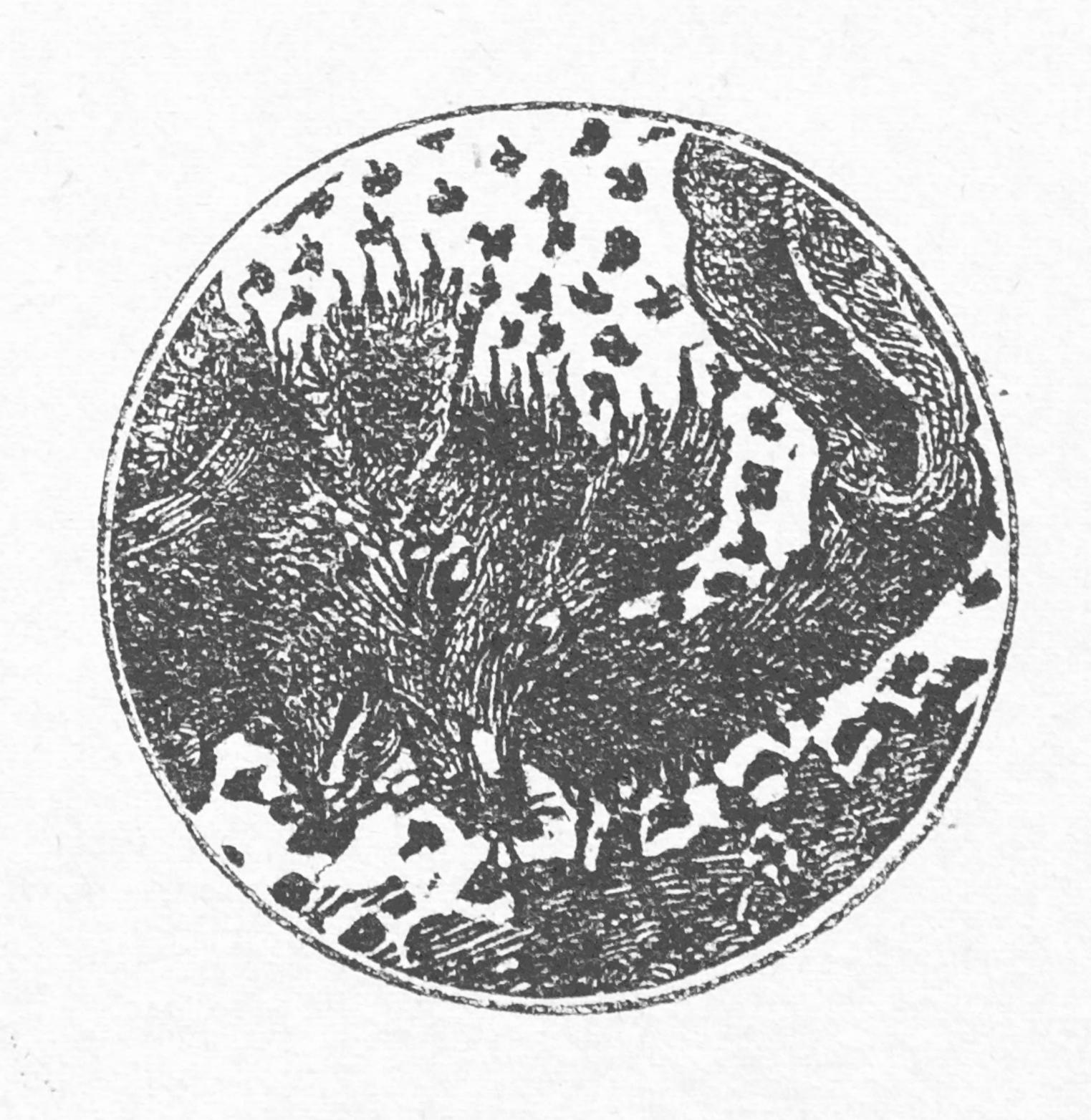
How, fast, we lost the charm and grace, And symmetry of form and face;

How, fast, the day was turned to night,

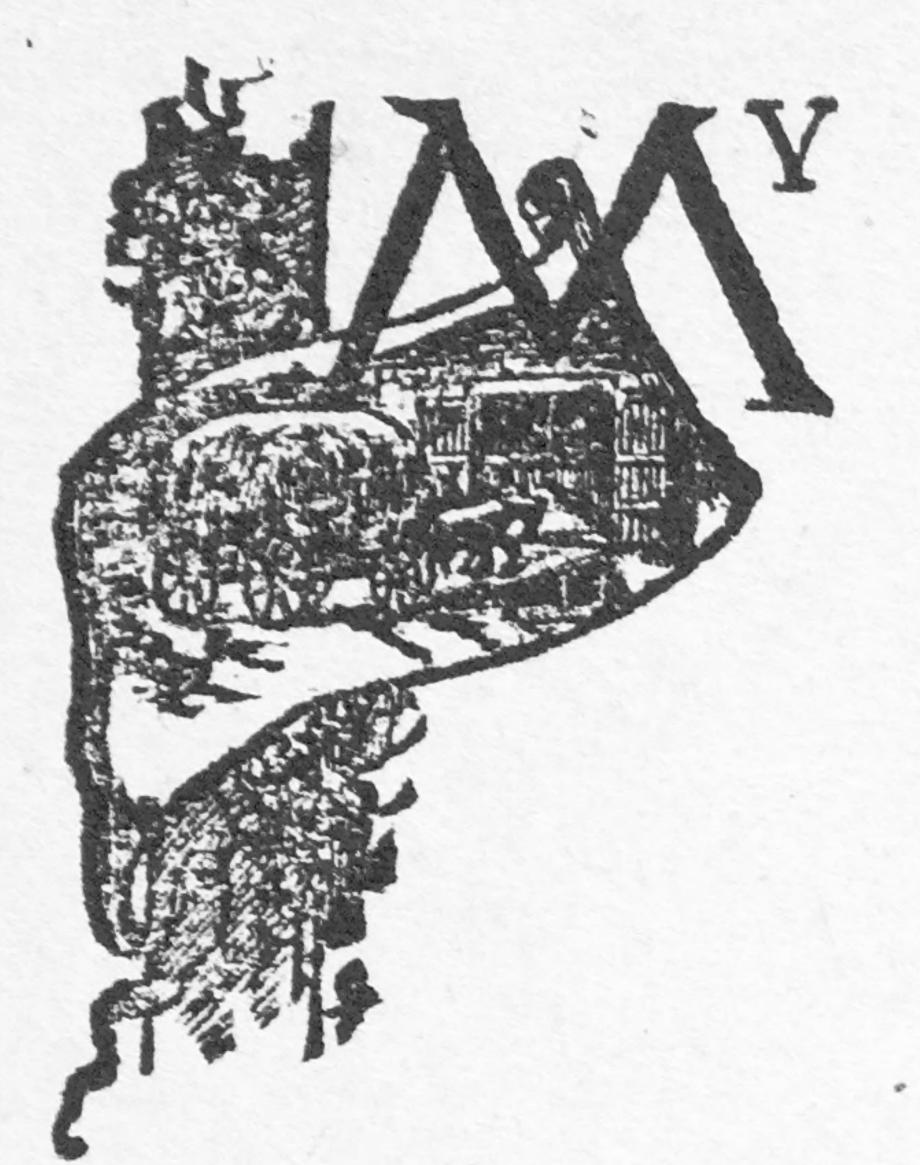
The laugh to groan, the fun to fright.

Oh! doubly dull, indeed, is he

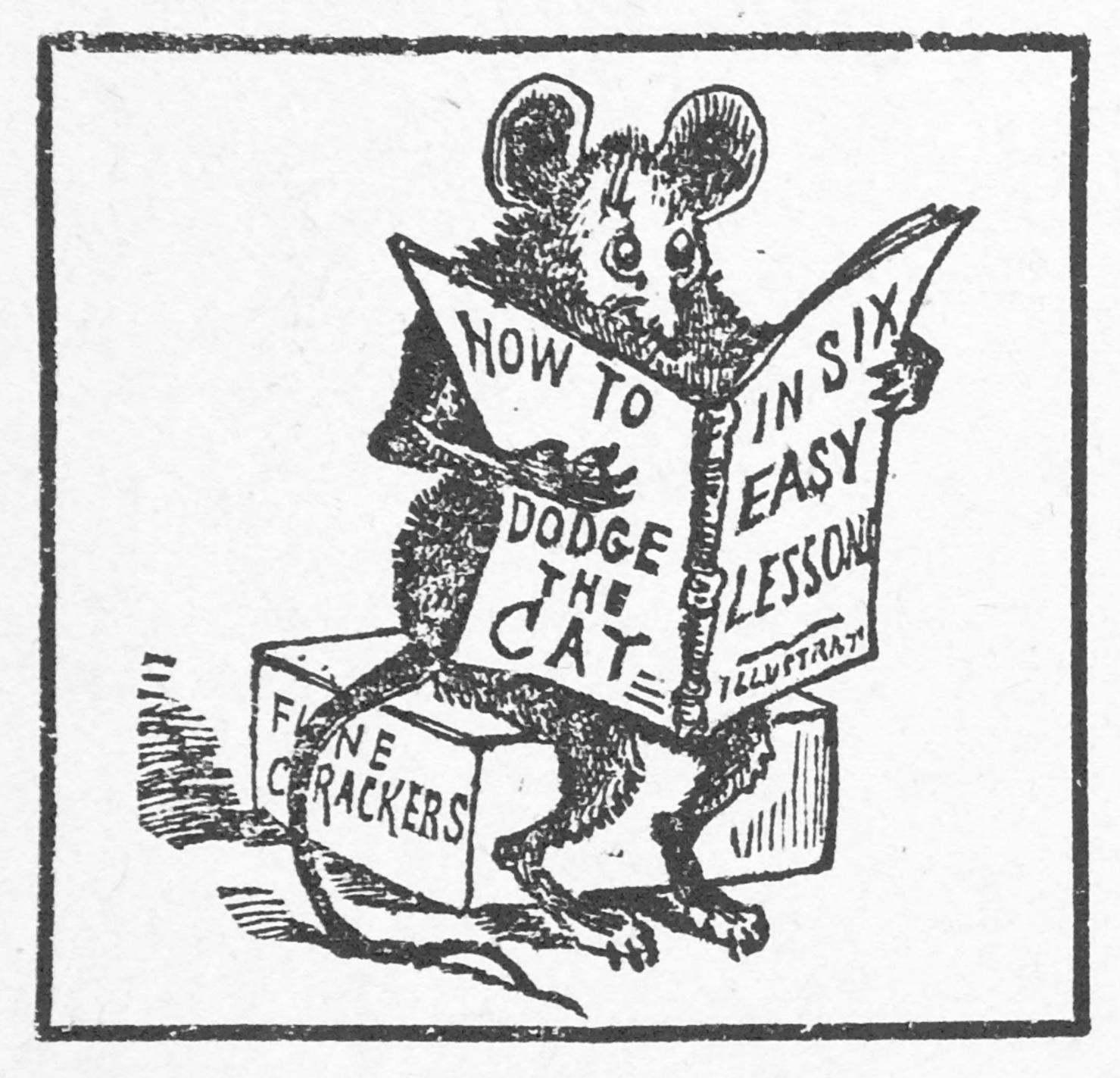
Who meddles with the spiteful bee."



## A LESSON FOR YOUNG MICE



ANY children," said the knowing mouse, "I've lived for years within this house. Through winter's cold and summer's heat, I found sufficient food to eat. I know the place where cookies lie, And where to look for cheese and pie; There's not a corner, as you see,



About the place that's strange to me. Speak of the roof, I'll tell you where A shingle's gone or rafter bare; Speak of the basement, if you will, I'll tell you of the rotting sill, The cellar drain, or planking loose, That you, in need can turn to use. So, take the kind advice I give,

To hold in memory while you live.

Oh, always move, my children dear, f As though you knew the cat was near; Each step with due precision weigh, For it may give your life away. Far better have an extra share Of caution, than to lose a hair, And, though the cat be in the yard, Or close at hand, be on your guard,





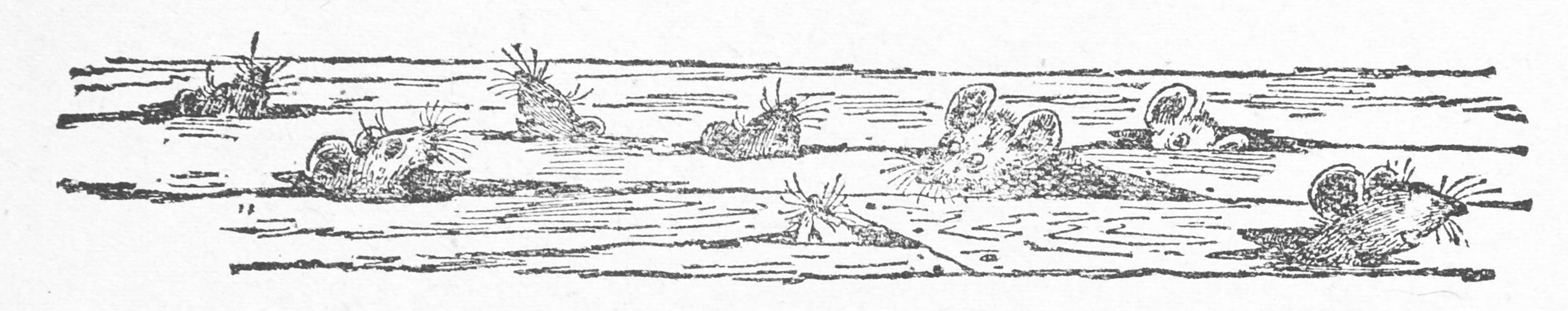
On watching well both foes and friends.

Ne'er venture off till you survey

The ground where you propose to play.

See that the holes are near at hand,

In case they fall in great demand.



And if the cat comes prowling nigh,

Ah, then's the time you must be spry;

Now don't be hoping pussy's blind,

Or hard of hearing, slow, or kind;

Nor think the years she has enjoyed,

Have blunted claws so oft' employed.

For puss has both the way and will

To keep them fit for service still;

Oh, never think she'll quit the chase

Until you reach your hiding-place.

For when you judge her speed must fail, She'll turn up nearest to your tail;

strive to take you by surprise,

Because the cat is counted wise,

And, as a prowling foe severe,

Has not an equal, far or near;

For, light as Fancy dips her oar,

Comes pussy's footstep on the floor.



Now, when a hiding-place you gain, Contented there for hours remain;

Let moon and stars to ocean roll,

But stick you steadfast to the hole.

For puss with patient mind is blessed,
And will your greatest cunning test;

Through wind, and rain, and falling dew,

She'll keep her watch, a sentry true.

I would that, in your youthful brain,

You could these wholesome hints retain,

Because the time will come, no doubt, When little cream will be about;

When poultry, meat, or even fish,

Is all too high for pussy's dish;

When chirping birds and songsters go

To regions free from ice and snow,

And then the cat will turn her mind,

With double zeal, some mice to find.

## THE FOX IN OLD AGE.

OW, father, you are growing old,"

The little foxes said;

"Your hair is turning dull and gray,

That once was bright and red.

The teeth are dropping from the jaws

That used to break the bones,

And what were once your burning

And what were once your burning paws
Now feel as cold as stones.

Your step is not so sure, we know,

As once in days of yore;

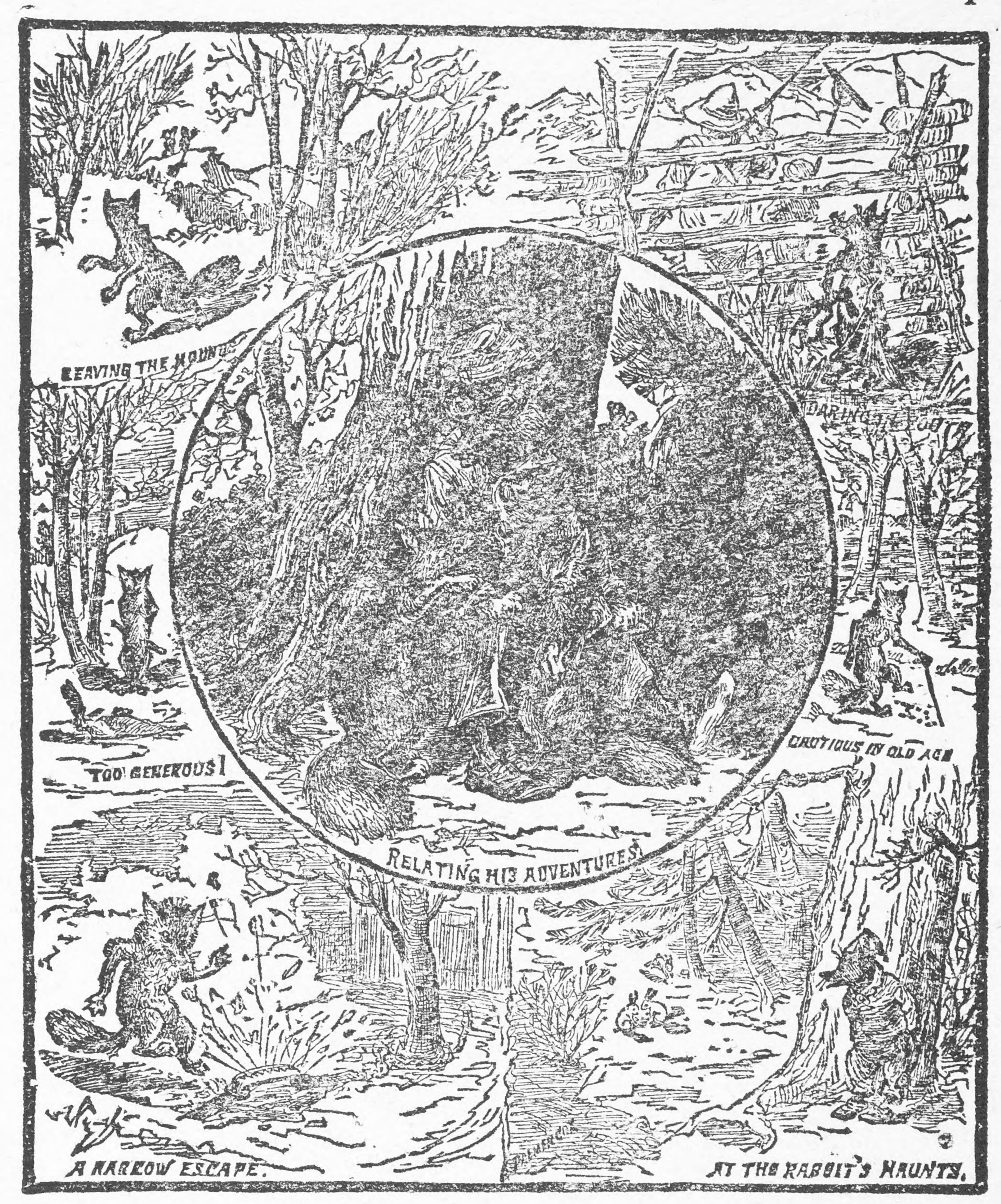
You often stumble as you go,

When nothing lies before.

You'll not be eating turkey long;
So tell us, father, please,
What you went through when young and strong,
Ere we were round your knees."

The fox to answer them was slow, And from his almond eye

He wiped a tear-drop with his toe, Before he made reply.



"I dare not tell you, children dear, The struggles and the strife;

'Twould make you shrink away and fear To venture forth in life. By various paths we all must go.
Though rough or smooth they be;
Some find the turkeys roosting low
Some find them in the tree.

We move in danger, day and night,
Beset by cares and ills;
What often seems a harmless bite,
May hold some poison pills.

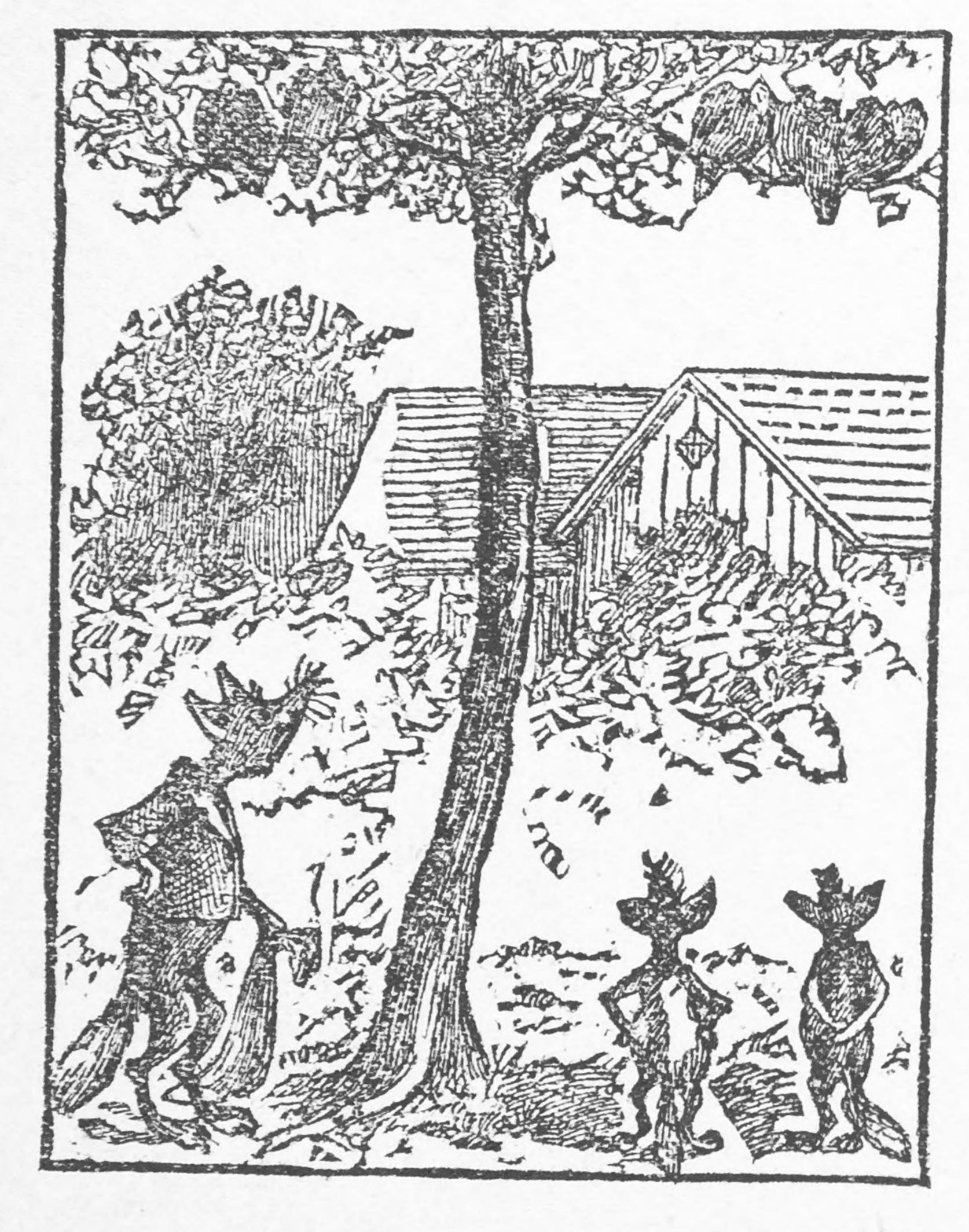


'I once could stand a lengthy chase, When active, young, and bold; And gave the hounds full many a race Across the country cold.

"The yawning trap the silence broke—
When least I thought of foes;
And with a vicious snap awoke

Peneath my very nose.

"I've ventur'd, when the sun was bright, And bagged the ducks and drakes; When unsuspecting farmers might Have reached me with their rakes.



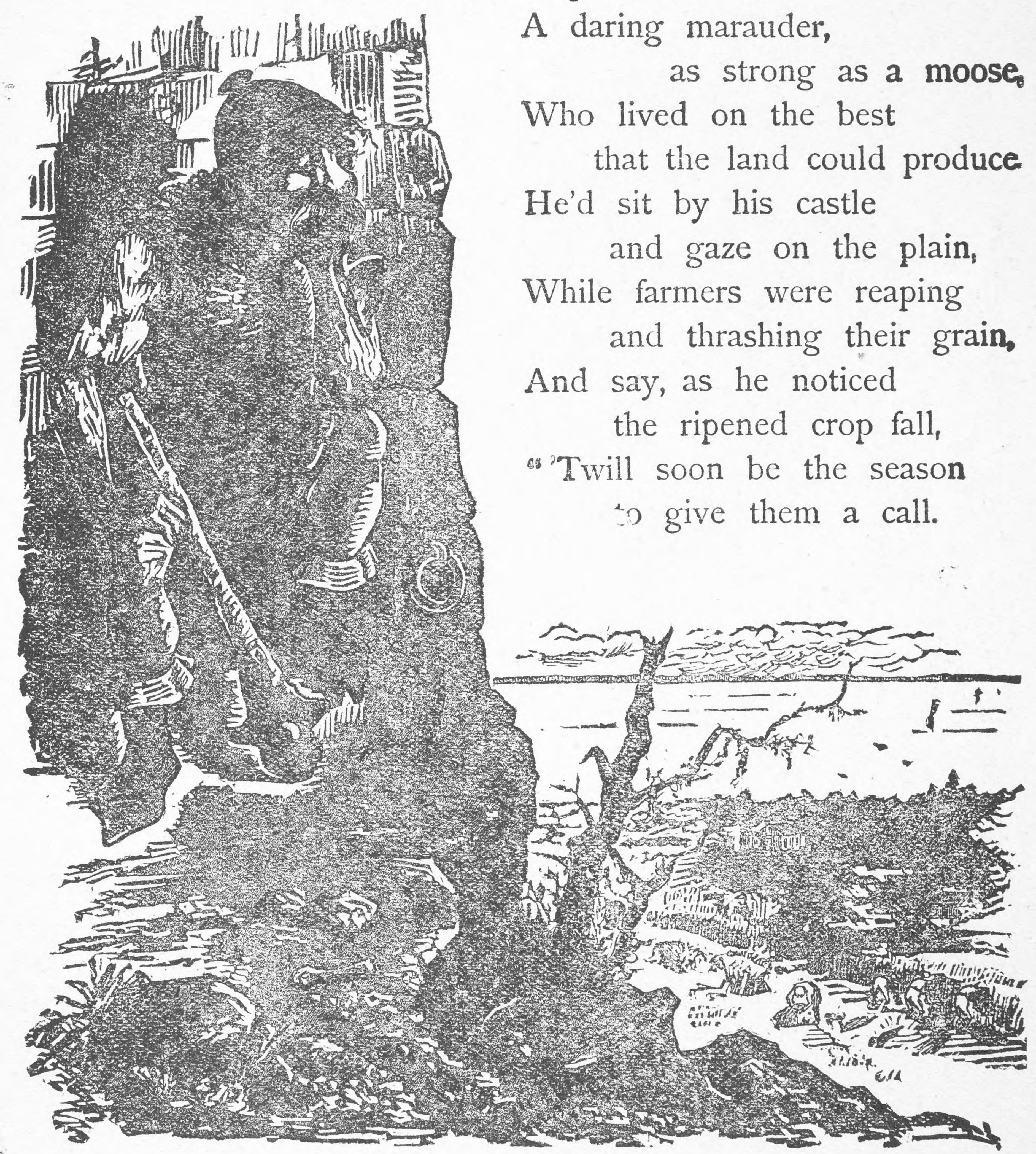
"But cunning now must take the place
Of boldness, dash, and speed;
When eyes grow dim
and legs grow slim,
We must with care proceed.

"But see! the moon her beauty flaunts
Above the mountain's head;
And I must find the rabbits' haunts,
And you must find your bed.



# BUGABOO BILL, THE GIANT.

THERE was an old giant, named Bugaboo Bill, Resided in England, on top of a hill;



The yield will be great, not a weevil in sight,
Nor a grasshopper near, nor the sign of a blight.
We people are blessed in this part of the Isle

We people are blessed in this part of the Isle. For over in Wales they are starving the while." And when came the hour to levy his tax, When corn was in cribs, and the barley in sacks

When the fruit was all gathered, and ready for sale
Were poultry and cattle—then down, without fail,
Would come, uninvited, old Bugaboo Bill,
And carry a load to his home on the hilk

The farmers had often declared they would stand And guard their possessions, with weapon in hand.

In bands they would muster, with mattocks and hoes,
With sickles and pitchforks, his march to oppose;

But when the great giant came down in his might,

A club in his hand neither limber nor light,

They'd fling away weapons and scatter like deer,

To hide behind walls, or in woods disappear,

And leave him to carry off barley and rye,

Or pick out the fattest old pig in the sty.

Thus things went on yearly, whate'er they might do,
From bad to far worse, as still bolder he grew;
For none could be found who had courage or skill
Sufficient to cope with the rogue on the hill.

At length one remarked, who had studied his race:

"No giant so strong but he has a weak place—
He'll have some short-coming, though ever so tall;
You've tried many plans, but have failed in them all—
His club is too large, and your courage too small.

Now try a new method—invite him to dine:
Bring forth tempting dishes and flagons of wine.
And let skilled musicians perform soothing airs
To smooth down his temper and banish his cares;
And when he grows drowsy, as surely he will,
We'll easily manage this Bugaboo Bill."

The plan was adopted; when next he came down To take his supplies from the best in the town, They brought him fat bacon, roast turkey and quail

With flagous of sherry and beakers of ale; Good beef in abundance, and fruit that was sweet; In short, every dish that could tempt him to eat.

Well pleased was the giant to see them so kind. So frank and forbearing, to pardon inclined;



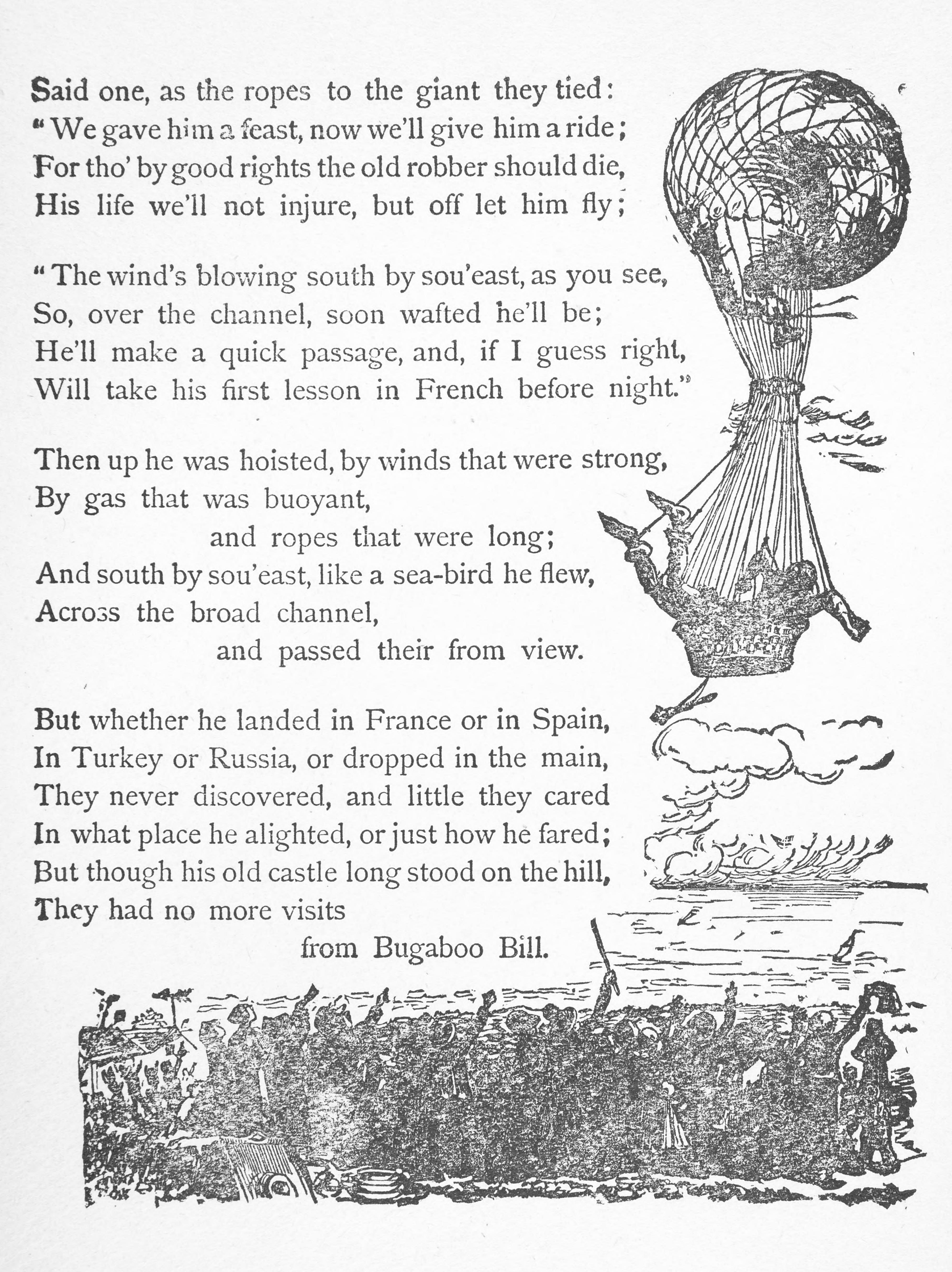
He helped himself freely to all that was nice— To poultry, to pastry, and puddings of rice, To wines that were potent to steal unaware; From limbs that were large all the strength that was there While round him musicians were ranged in a ring. Some turning a crank, and some scraping a string.

A poet read sonnets composed for the day,
A singer sang ballads, heroic and gay,
Until all the air was replete with a sound,
That softened the feelings and enmity drowned.

The task was not easy; for half a day long
They treated the giant to music and song;
The piper played all the sweet airs that he knew;
The fiddler seemed sawing his fiddle in two,
With tunes from the Shannon, the Tiber and Tyne,
And tunes from the Danube, the Seine and the Rhine;
The organist worked as though turning a mill,
But still wide awake remained Bugaboo Bill.

At last he grew drowsy, confused was his mind With feasting and drinking, and music combined. And when he had sunk in a stupid repose, A monster balloon was brought out by his foes.







# TURNING A NEW LEAF.

New-Year's Eve, a band of brothers,

The bear, the wolf, the fox, and others,

Of every nature, bad and good,

Assembled in a darksome wood

It was, indeed, a stirring sight,

That dreary, cold, December night,

While limbs were weighted down with snow,

And frost was bridging streams below,

To see them come, from far and near,

To hold a friendly meeting here.

As Bruin seldom moves around,
While snow is lying on the ground,
The other beasts, who well can face
A wintry blast, or lengthy race,
In force assembled near the lair
Of their respected Brother Bear.

From silent cedar swamps profound,
The rabbit came, with lightsome bound,
Like shaft, projected by the bow,
He shoots, where'er he cares to go,
feet by generous nature planned
For either snow or summer sand.



The hardy fox had tramped for weeks,

O'er frozen fields and mountain peaks,

Or sat for hours on crusted snow,

To view the barn-yard scenes below.

And there the wolf, through forest dark,

"Mad ran for miles, with howling bark,

And eyes, that seemed to throw a ray

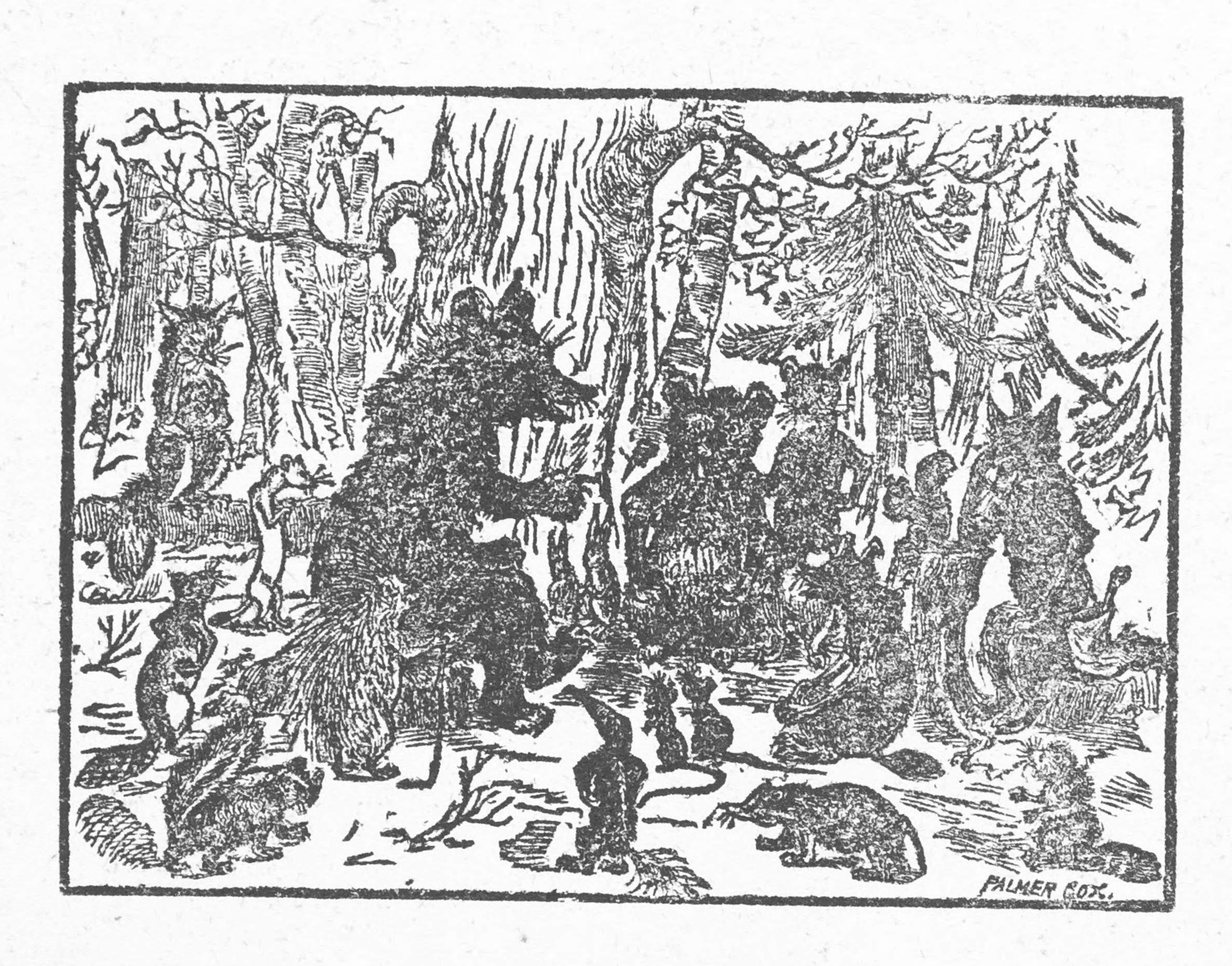
To light the rover on his way;

Enduring heat and cold the same,

He took the seasons as they came,

And little cared what scarred his hide,

If but his stomach was supplied.



When beasts of every shape and hue,

Had gathered round, in order due,

The shaggy bear the silence broke,

And thus, in solemn accents, spoke:

"The year now drawing to a close

Has brought its share of joys and woes;

It saw us feasting on the best

The thrifty farmer's fold possessed;

It saw us, too, with aching head,

Go, lame and supperless, to bed;

And now, beneath this wintry bower.

It seems to me a fitting hour

For us to mend our ways; in brief,

To turn in life another leaf.

There's not a creature of us all

But has some fault, however small,

That we should leave behind us here

Upon the threshold of the year.

As for myself, I stand aghast,

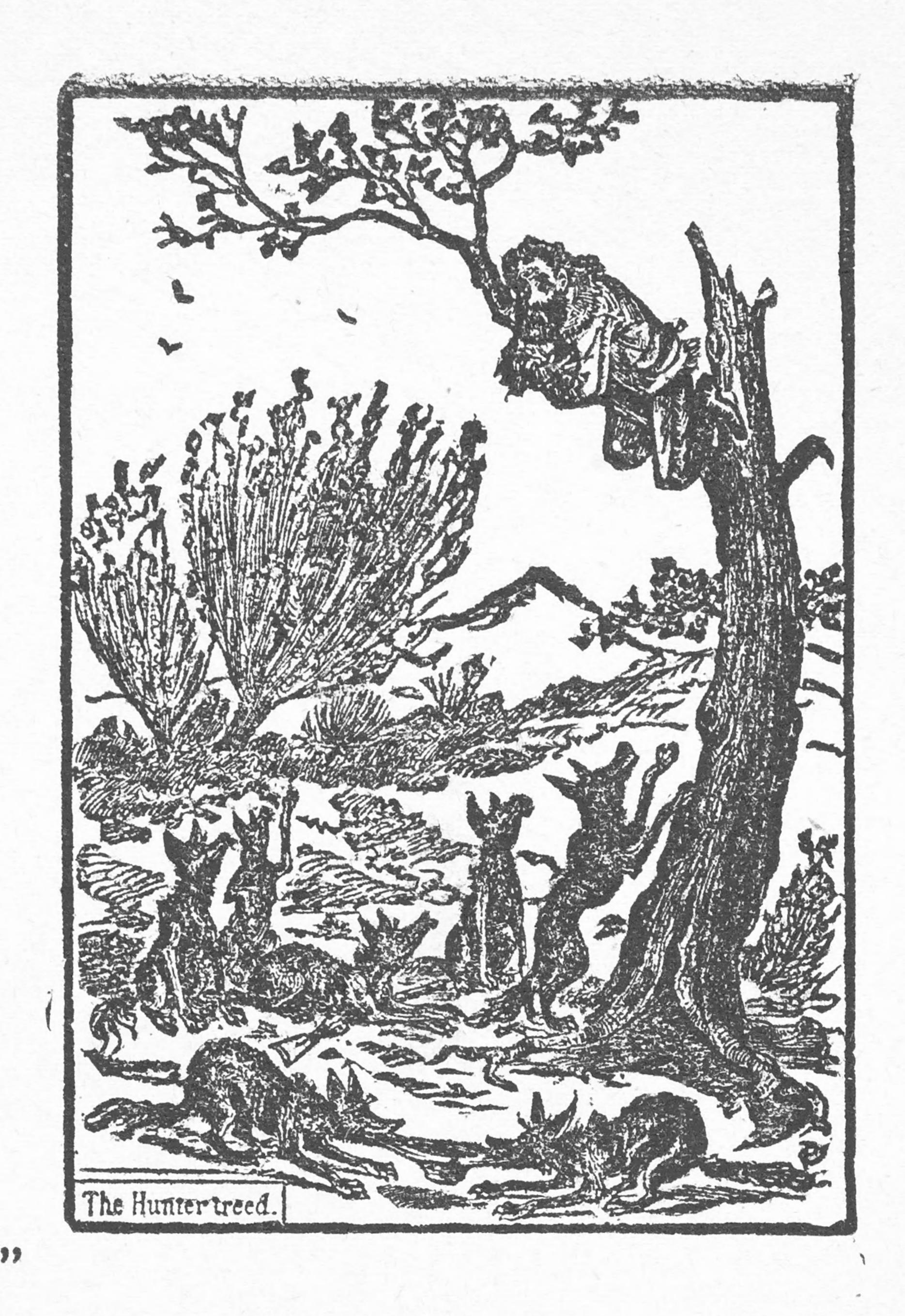
When I review the summer past



I fancy still
I hear the cry
Of children, as
I bounded nigh;
The squealing pig,
and bleating sheep
I often hear,
when fast asleep;
And tho', perhaps,
I'm not the worst,
I here discard my
faults the first.

No more the farmer's sheep I'll rend,
Or hug the calf, like bosom friend;
No more beneath the starry sky,
I'll drag the porker from the sty;
The fruit of field, and yellow grain,
In future shall my life sustain."
Then, next in order to the bear,
The wolf remarked, with humble air,
"I, too, might speak of troubled sleep,
Of night alarms and worried sheep,

Of tender kids, or frightened steed, Of traveler's bones, and hunter treed. My faults are many as the stars, My virtues fewer than my scars; I feel that I should not be last To mourn my actions in the past, And here resolve, no more to prey On other things that cross my way."



He ceased, and sinking in his place, Behind his paws concealed his face.



The rat that breakfasted on pie,

And lunched on cheese, now gave a sigh,

And speaking meekly through his nose

Did that his leading sin disclose:

"Though little blood in fact I shed,

Whie picking up my daily bread,

Some faults exist, I frankly own;

My thievish ways are widely known

I've nibbled bags and boxes through,

And ruined carpets, old and new,

When hunger gnawed within me more,

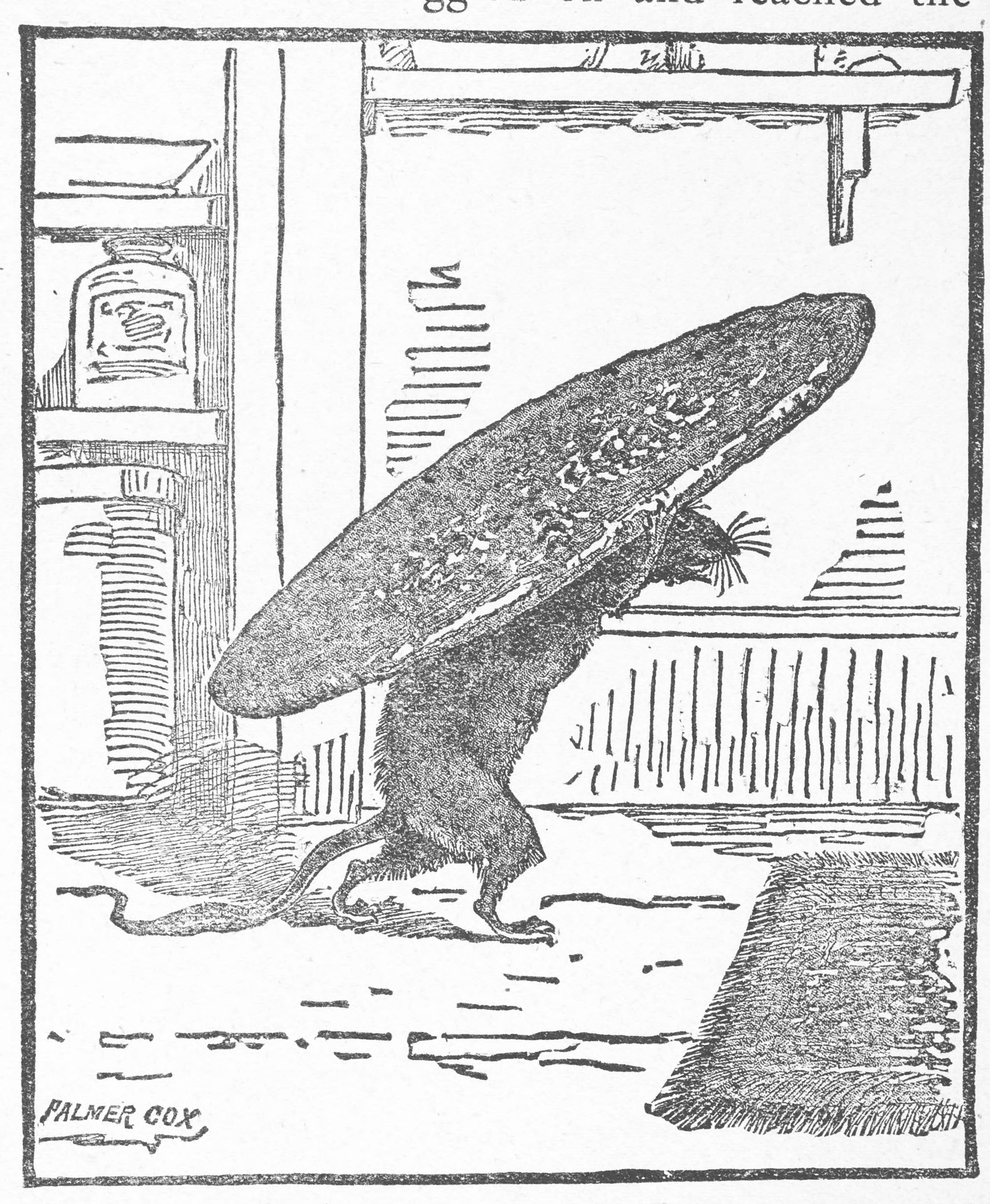
Than I at barriers before.

You'll see by scratches on my tail,

How near my life was pussy's nail;

But, through stout heart and hopeful soul,

I struggled on and reached the hole.



For striving once the bait to get,

And leave the trap still nicely set—

A trick that fools alone would dare—

A broken nose through life I'll bear.

But better nose than neck should crack,
Which would have gone had I been slack.
But when you speak of good reform,
I feel the heart within me warm;
And though folks leave the pantry door
Wide open, nightly, evermore,
Hereafter, when I reach the place,
I'll pass it with averted face."

Then, with a dry
The weasel next
"My coat," said he,
Which might imply
But when you know
You'll think me
Whilst midnight
Around the manI crept be neath
And killed him, as
I ate the chickAnd did such things
I promise, there-



and wheezy squeak,
began to speak;
"is clean and white,
a conscience bright;
my life, I'm sure
anything but pure.
hung her sable pall,
ger, mow, and stall,
the rooster bold,
the hours he told;
ens in the shell,
I shame to tell;
fore, I'll begin

At once, a better name to win."



The skunk, the coon, and badger gray,
All stood in turn and had their say;
But when the fox rose in his place,
All eyes were fastened on his face,
For he was known, to great and small,
As master-villain of them all.
"I would," said he, "I could restore
The poultry to the yards once more,

Which, in the season passed away,

I have purloined by night and day.

No more they'll roost in drowsy row,



Their bones lie underneath the snow;
Their downy coats have served to line
The robin's nest in beech and pine;
The mother duck will lead no more
Her young along the weedy shore;
I stripped the pond of all the breed,
And never left a fowl for seed.



The Widow Giles, below the mill,
Is looking for her goslings still.
Poor soul! I never see her stand,
With anxious face and shading hand,
But I regret the part I played
That evening, by the alder shade.

And Farmer Dobbs can never tell
What took the fowl he fed so well.
For weeks and weeks, at eve and morn,
He stuffed her crop with wheat and corn.

And sent his invitations out,

To aunts and uncles, miles about,

For old and young to come, betimes,

And pick her bones, at Christmas chimes;

But, thanks to me,
'Twas pork that on
But had it been
To taste that tur-



their platters lay; their happy lot key, cold or hot,

As round the table there they sat,
They would, indeed, have found her fat."
He paused, and with a trembling paw,

Removed a tear-drop from his jaw,

Then said: "I, too, within the year, Saw hopes deferred,

and days of fear.

I've touched the poison

with my nose,

I've heard the trap beneath me close,

I've felt the breath

of straining hound,

Upon my haunch at every bound;

And past my ears,

with lightning speed,

I've heard the whizzing lead proceed.

But, through the year now drawing nigh,

To lead a blameless life I'll try."

And there, beneath the swaying trees,

As round them played the whistling breeze,

And from the sky, the queen of night

Looked down upon the pleasing sight,

With many a vow and promise true,

They all resolved to start anew; And, let us hope, in after days

They followed peaceful, honest ways;
That guns, and snares, and traps severe,
Were not required throughout the year.

## A CHINESE ADVENTURE.



HREE heathen men set out one day

To cross the China sea,—

Ah Hong Wun Ho, Gui Tong Pi La

And daring Hup Si Lee.

But there was not, of all the lot.

A single one who knew

The proper way, in which to sail,

Upon the ocean blue.

They may have paddled in a pond, Or crossed a ditch or two,

But never ventured far beyond
Where water-lilies
grew.

With such a glaring sad neglect
Of arts that sailors prize,
Some trouble they might well expect,
If hurricanes should rise.

The first was captain of the ship,

He kept an eye ahead:



The second played the part of mate, He steered and heaved the lead.

The third was boatswain, cook, and crew Which kept him on the go;
He had to spread the sail aloft,
And make the tea below.



And all who've sailed upon a lake,

A river, sea, or sound,

Would know he'd have to keep awake

When gales were shifting round.

There was distress, you well may guess

Before the facts I show;

For ocean is not always calm,

As navigators know.

The tempests may
through forests play,
And turn the roots on high,
Or change their tack
and nothing slack,
Across the prairies fly

And havoc dread, at seasons spread,
As here and there they roam;
But short their stay,
with wood or clay,
The ocean is their home.

The winds began, The ship went At times she point-As often back



the billows ran up and down; ed out to sea, to town.



The sea-sick captain left the bow, Between the decks to lie: The boatswain, busy making tea, Let all the canvas fly.

And, oh! the mate, the silly mate, The worst of all was he: To find how deep the water lay, He leaped into the sea.

Then mate and crew, and captain, too, Began to yell and roar; So people threw them out a line, And hauled the ship ashore.

And glad were they To rats and To sip their tea

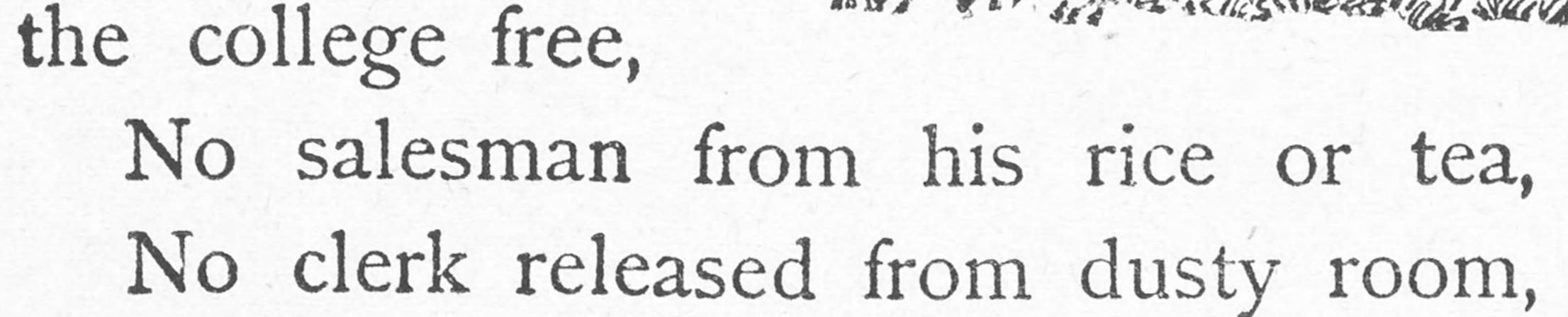


to settle down, rice again; and talk about The dangers of the main.

#### A FROLIC ON WHEELS.

O easy task, it seems, to guide
The Bicycle through forest wide,
Where crooked roots are reaching out,
And mossy stones are spread about.

But, oftentimes, as stories go,
The woods present a lively show.
The wolf, the porcupine and hare,
The fox, the catamount and bear,
May there be found
at dead of night,
On wheels that yield
such great delight.
No student from



Where judges sit with brows of gloom, Could greater joy or pleasure know. Than do those beasts, as round they go.

What though a fall may check the fun, And end at once a rapid run? What tho' some heels should sudden rise To points reserved for ears or eyes? This only serves to kindle zeal To yet control and guide the wheel.

Thus let them sport as best they may.

A happy band, till morning gray;

For, while thus training through the trees,

The farmer's sheep may graze at ease.



And ducks and geese may rest their legs.

And lay the farmer's breakfast eggs.

So let the birds forsake their nest.

To cheer the one who rides the best,

Or hover round with mournful tor.es

The one who falls and breaks his bones.

#### THE ELEPHANT AND DONKEY

HERE every step required care
Once met by chance a rural pair,
A Donkey with assurance filled,
And Elephant of heavy build.

The latter said, with manners kind,

"Here one alone can footing find,
So let us choose the safest scheme
And singly cross the brawling stream.
You're nearest to the shore you see
And should, I think, give way to me.
When I have cross'd the dangerous place
Then you can soon resume your pace."

"Not so," the Donkey quick replied, Who, blinded by his silly pride, Mistook the traveler's civil air For evidence of craven fear;

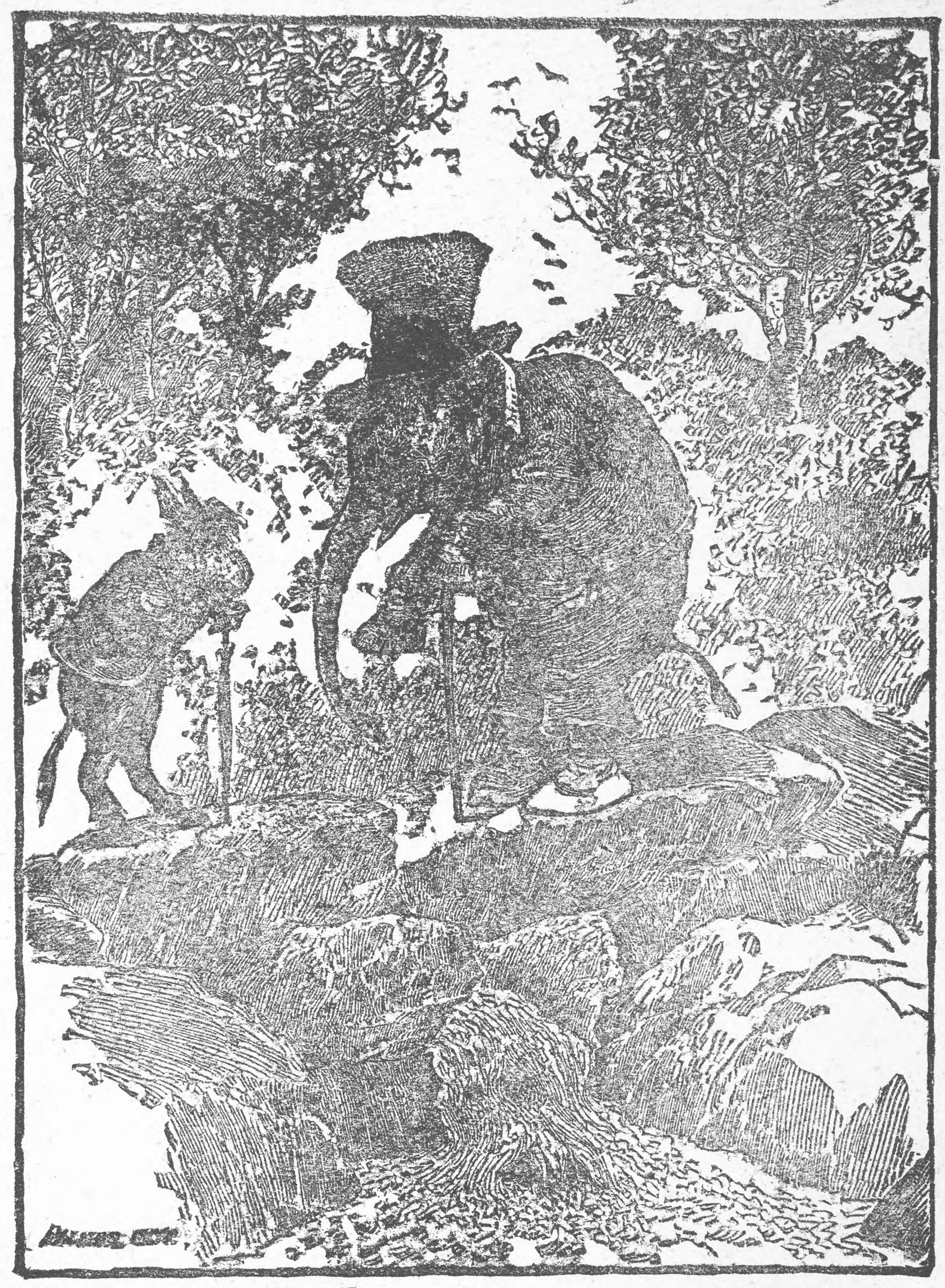
And thus went on with haughty tone,

"My time is precious as your own,

And here I'll stand throughout the day

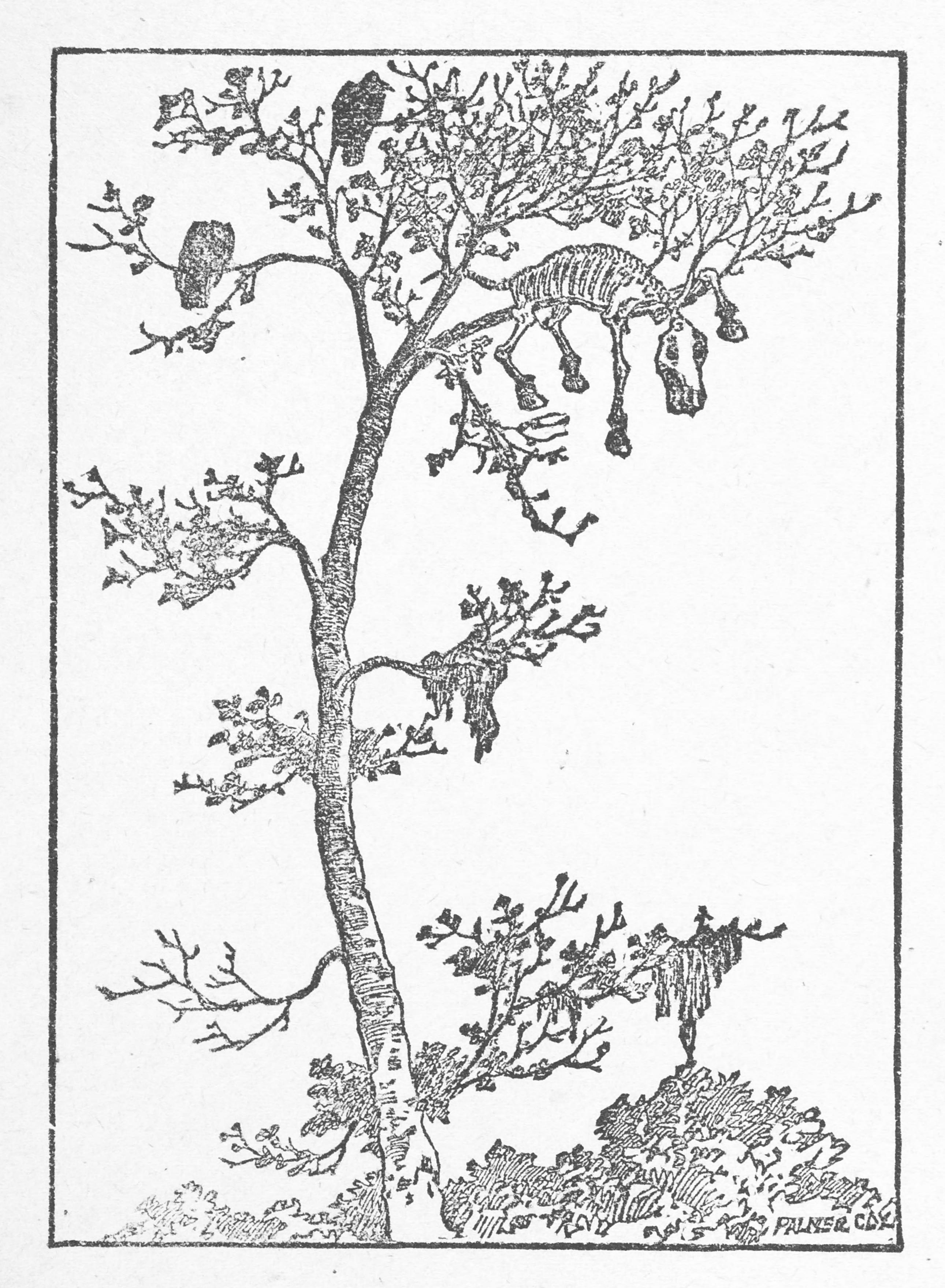
Upon my rights, let come what may."

Now, angered at conceit so great, The Elephant cut short debate.



He gazed a moment in surprise, And cried, with fire in his eyes,

'Then mark how soon your soolish pride Will bring reward:" He made a stride, And reaching out his trunk, he gave The Donkey such an upward wave,



High over head, through air he passed, Until some branches held him fast; And people passing by may see His bones, still hanging in the tree.



